

NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL

# NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL

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ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

## The School Room.

[This department will be conducted with reference to the practical work and wants of the teacher. Suggestions and information will be found pertaining to management, studies, government, methods of teaching, waking up mind, general culture and examinations. Dialogues and recitations (mainly original) will be presented, suitable for receptions, etc. We invite every practical teacher to contribute to render this department of the JOURNAL useful in the highest degree possible to the toilers in the school-room.]

### "Dirge of Alarie the Visigoth."

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritic tear;  
For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.  
  
Ye shall not raise a marble bust,  
Upon the spot where I repose;  
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of woes;  
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.  
  
Ye shall not pile with servile toil  
Your monument upon my breast;  
Nor yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;  
There man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was the scourge of God.  
  
But ye the mountain stream shall turn  
And lay its secret channel bare,  
And hollow for your sovereign's urn  
A resting place forever there;  
Then bid its everlasting springs  
Flow back upon the king of kings;  
And never be the secret said,  
Until the deep give up his dead.  
  
My gold and silver ye shall fling  
Back to the clocks that gave them birth,  
The captured crowns of many a king,  
The ransom of a conquered earth;  
For e'en though, I will control  
The trophies of the capitol.  
  
But when beneath the mountain tide  
Ye've laid your monarch's down to rot,  
Ye shall not rear upon its side  
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;  
For long enough the world has shook  
Beneath the terrors of my look;  
And, now that I have run my race,  
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

### My Visit to the Hippodrome.

A COMPOSITION BY A GIRL OF TWELVE.

Beautiful Hippodrome to which I did go.  
Beautiful lion that near tread on my toe.  
Beautiful cannibals that jumped under the rail,  
Beautiful Caucasian girl that stepped on their trail.  
Beautiful candy which I wanted to buy,  
Beautiful soda water I wanted to try.  
Beautiful panther so fierce and wild,  
Beautiful camel that looked so mild.  
Beautiful monkeys that hung by the tail,  
To see all these beauties, I beseech you don't fail.  
Beautiful Irishman in his cart,  
Beautiful manager that made him start.  
Beautiful elephant on the ground,  
Beautiful everything all around.  
Beautiful Sampson that held the iron bar,  
While two men were on it, one near and one far.  
Beautiful boy that climbed the pole,  
Beautiful leopard that was so droll.  
Beautiful Jack that killed the Giant,  
Beautiful Satsuma that was so pliant.  
Beautiful woman that ate up the boys,  
Beautiful cannon that made such a noise.  
Beautiful girl sought for a wife,  
Beautiful, beautiful, Indian life.  
Beautiful ponies that went so fast,  
Beautiful scene so quickly past.

ALICE.

### REAL ELOCUTION.

FOR FIVE OR SIX BOYS.

[This can be made a most laughable affair indeed. Four or five boys (not more) should be selected who can make the by-play appear real and full of amusing incidents. The interest of the play does not centre in the "Professor," but in No. 2, who should, by his movements, even to the tragic sentences, aim to keep his head from being hit. No. 4 is the character of most importance, and he should follow the lead of No. 2 pretty closely. There must be an air of reality imparted to it or it will fail of producing the best effect. The Professor should have quite a pompous manner. The boys should be from fourteen to eighteen years of age—the tallest will do for Professor.]

Professor. (Entering and followed by four or five boys.) Now, young gentlemen, we have met to learn the wonderful art of elocution. This word is derived from two Latin words, *E*, out of, and *loqui*, *locutus* to speak, so the whole word means to speak out. Half the world speak down their throats—that is not elocution. I differ from every other teacher in this. I do every thing called for in the piece. If a cough is mentioned why I stop and cough, if a horse is spoken of then I whinny like a horse. This I call real elocution.

You must observe two directions, which I shall give you, first let your voices well out, next you must observe and copy me and my gestures. Can you remember those?

No. 1. Yes, sir; I think we can remember them; but how much shall we let our voices out, I am always afraid I shall shout something if I let my voice out much.

Prof. Well, sir, let me hear you speak and then I can judge. Do you know "On Linden when the sun was low?"

No. 1. Yes; I know that ere song.

Prof. Well, you may speak it.

No. 1. (Puts himself into position, and in a very high and loud voice, recites)

On Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untroubled snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

Prof. (Clapping his hands to his ears,) Hold! enough, enough. Do you all speak as loud as that?

No. 4. Just like that, sir.

Prof. Well, then; I'll withdraw the rule requiring you to speak as loud as you can, and beg you instead, to speak moderately, moderately, gentlemen.

But you must be sure to move and act as you see me do. Our first selection will be from Shakespeare. I told you all to provide yourselves with mantles, since the ancient Romans whom we are to personate, wore them. Under the present circumstances, I stated that your sister's waterproof cloak would answer every purpose.

No. 2. I haven't any sister, Professor, so I got his sister (pointing) to lend me her waterproof.\* Will that do just as well?

Prof. Certainly. Now throw them over your left arms thus. Are you all provided with swords? (canes will answer) If so, draw them thus.

(In drawing them No. 2 accidentally hits No. 4, who rubs his arm, says.)

No. 4. What are you about, hitting around in that way? You've got to be more careful.

(No. 1 also accidentally steps on the toes of No. 2, who limps around and makes a great ado.)

No. 2. Oh! oh! my corns. What do you step on my corns for, sir?

Prof. Gentlemen, you must be more careful.

No. 2 and 4. Why, we were just as careful as we could be. It's those fellows who ain't careful.

Prof. Now, then, gentlemen, in line if you please, and follow my directions. But first, I'll recite, as appropriate to the occasion, Shakespeare's "Advice to Players."

"Speak the speech, I pray you as I pronounce it to you; tripping on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently."

I repeat, gentlemen, be sure to imitate me; it is thus you will learn.

Prof. "If you have tears" (throwing out right hand towards them).

Class. "If you have tears" (also throwing out their right hands with great animation).

Prof. Prepare to shed them now (puts hands to eyes and whines and cries).

Class. Prepare to shed them now, (also puts up hands, &c.) In doing this, No. 1 hits No. 2 with his sword, and he calls out:

No. 2. Oh! why are you always hitting me? I'm half inclined to think you did it on purpose. I ain't going to stand it any longer unless I have the chance to do some hitting back.

Prof. Silence, gentlemen. You must be willing to suffer something in the cause of education. "You all do know this mantle" (throwing out left arm and pointing with the right).

Class. You all do know this mantle, (same gestures, the various members dodging about as the swords are drawn).

Prof. "I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on."

Class. "I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on."

Prof. "Look" (throwing out right hand).

Class. "Look" (repeat gesture).

Prof. "In this place" (pointing).

Class. "In this place" (pointing).

Prof. "Ran Cassius' dagger through."

Class. "Ran Cassius' dagger through."

Prof. "See what a rent the envious Casca made—here" (pointing).

Class. "See what a rent the envious Casca made—here" (pointing).

Prof. "Thro' this the well beloved Brutus stabbed" (pointing).

Class. "Thro' this the well beloved Brutus stabbed" (pointing).

Prof. "And as he plucked his cursed steel away" (drawing sword back).

Class. "And as he plucked his cursed steel away" (draw-

swords back), and in so doing, No. 1 hits No. 2 in the stomach which causes him to double up, and he cries out in a whining way,

No. 2. There you go again, always hitting some one, you are. And I'm not going to stand your nonsense any longer.

Prof. Silence, there.

Class. Silence, there. No. 2 calls out with the rest, though still pretending to be in pain.

Prof. (Raising sword) Silence, I say.

Class. (Raising swords) Silence, I say.

Prof. Now, gentlemen, listen to me. That is not found in the divine bard. Make ready, all. All ready?

Class. Ready.

Prof. "Then burst his mighty heart" (left hand on heart and right arm over the eyes pretending to weep).

Class. "Then burst his mighty heart" (imitating gesture, and No. 2 makes laborious efforts to cry).

Prof. "And in his mantle muffling up his face" (folds cloak around head).

Class. "And in his mantle muffling up his face" (fold cloaks, &c., &c.) No. 2 does this in as grotesque a manner as possible.

Prof. "Great Cæsar" (in a loud voice).

Class. "Great Cæsar" (very loud, some saying it in a tone of surprise).

Prof. "Fell" (goes suddenly on his knees).

Class. "Fell" (go down suddenly on their knees, and they remain in this position about a minute, and then make an opening sufficient to see out).

Prof. Now, gentlemen, you have had your first lesson in real elocution, where everything is done that is spoken about in the piece itself. This one was intended to show you how an audience can be made to weep. The next will be to show you how it can be made to laugh. (Exit.)

### RUBBERS.

A VERY interesting article appeared in the November number of the *Teacher*, on Blackboards, by Miss Morton. I use the blackboard in teaching everything. Mine occupies all the space between windows and doors around the room. If it did not, I would have it there if I had to paint it myself. I think Miss Morton would like the plastering painted with liquid slating, better than a painted board. The slating is more expensive, but it lasts longer to pay. I commenced teaching in the country, and suppose I'm not "gentell," for I use nails, tacks, hammer, etc., almost daily. But blackboard rubbers have been a "source of sorrow unto me." Those bought of manufacturers, or covered with sheep-skin, would wear out in a term or two, and were forever falling from the blackboard shelf to the floor. I claim that every pupil should have a rubber, and then be held responsible for the neatness of his work. So I thought and thought, and then experimented, and the experiment has proved a success. Tear flannel or any kind of woolen cloth (old as well as new) into strips an inch to an inch and a half in width. Commence in the center, roll like a ball of carpet binding, and sew with strong thread or fine wrapping twine. Continue to roll and sew firmly until the size of the top of a coffee-cup. They can be made "fancy" by putting in fancy colors. They will make no noise if a pupil drops one, or if they fall from the shelf to the floor. When I came here, rubbers were the cry two terms; then I ventured to show a sample of mine to the Principal. He liked them so well he said to my pupils he would pay ten cents apiece for all well made rubbers brought to him during a week. They have used throughout the building (ten departments) ever since.—*Mich. Teacher.*

### AIR.

AIR consists principally of two invisible gases, oxygen and nitrogen; these exist in the air in a state of mixture, and not in a state of chemical union as do oxygen and hydrogen when they form the compound substance that we call water.

Air is a fluid; that is, like all other fluid, its particles are perfectly free to move among themselves. In this respect, it is like water and other liquids; and to this fact, its fluid, or flowing character is due.

But air is also a gas; that is, its particles are striving at all times to get as far from each other as possible; hence, its readiness to expand whenever it has an opportunity to do so.

Air is very compressible; that is, it yields very easily to a reduction of bulk by pressure; that is illustrated by that common toy, the pop-gun. Its bulk is diminished by pressure in accordance with a fixed law; that is, if at a certain pressure a body of air occupies a certain space, under twice that pressure, it will occupy one-half that space, under three times that pressure, one-third that space, etc.

Air is very elastic; the pop-gun is a good instrument for illustrating this property, also. It is found that when air has been subjected to a certain pressure, its elasticity causes

it to return to its former bulk, on the removal of the pressure, with the same force that was used in compressing it; hence, its elasticity is perfect. The common foot-ball well illustrates the elasticity of air.

Air has weight; by the use of the air pump we are enabled to determine its weight; and it is found that 100 cubic inches of air of the usual density weigh thirty-one grains.

The weight and elasticity of the air cause it to exert a pressure in all directions. It is this pressure of the air that causes water to rise in a pump, that causes cider to flow up a straw into a boy's mouth; in fact, that makes what we call suction possible in any case. The pressure of the air may be illustrated as follows: Take an open basin of water, fill a glass tube closed at one end, with water, put the thumb over the open end and invert the tube over the water in the basin; on removing the thumb, the water will still fill the tube; the pressure of the air on the surface of the surrounding water sustains it.

If the basin and the tube were filled with mercury instead of water, a column of mercury would be upheld in the same way. But, if the tube were more than thirty inches long, the column of mercury would sink to a height of about thirty inches, and there remain stationary. If the area of a section of the tube were one inch, of course thirty cubic inches of mercury would be equal in weight to the pressure of the air on one inch of surface. Now, as thirty cubic inches of mercury weigh about fifteen pounds, we know that the ordinary pressure of the air is about fifteen pounds *per square inch*.

If, now, we enclose the mercury in a leather bag instead of having it in an open basin, and then place a graduated scale beside the tube, we shall have the instrument called a barometer, whose use is to measure the pressure of the air.

The whole body of the air surrounding the earth constitutes what we call the atmosphere, an ocean of air in which is found all the animal and vegetable life of the world. The depth of this ocean is sometimes said to be about fifty miles. Not only does the air surround the whole earth, but it penetrates every crack and crevice of rock and soil; not only that, but it permeates the tissues of all vegetable and animal substances; in fact, it is present in every place from which it is not carefully excluded.

The pressure of the air at the level of the sea is generally about fifteen pounds to the square inch, or sufficient to sustain a column of mercury thirty inches in height. But different conditions of the air cause this pressure to vary; and the common use of the barometer is to measure this variation of atmospheric pressure.

Of course, if we were to climb a mountain, we should leave a greater or less amount of the atmosphere below us; hence, the remaining part would exert a pressure less, in proportion to the height we had attained. A barometer, in such a case, would show the comparative amount of the atmosphere left below us. By careful observations, tables may be constructed showing the heights that correspond to the different pressures as shown by the barometer. Thus, by the help of these tables, a barometer may be used to measure the height of mountains.

E. C. HEWETT, in Illinois Schoolmaster.

#### HOW TO VENTILATE SCHOOL-HOUSES.

Of the importance of ventilation, nothing need be said at this day. Everybody who has thought upon the subject must acknowledge that it is as important for human beings to breathe good air as to eat good food. How to secure sufficient ventilation without sending chilling death currents through our school-houses, is a question of serious importance to parents and teachers.

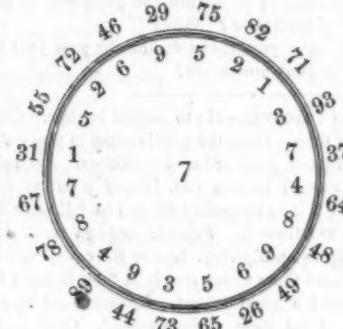
The duties of my office require me to report to the State School Department the number of school-houses badly ventilated. Of the three hundred and fifty houses in my district, but about four or five find no mark in this column. Nothing but windows and doors for the admission of pure and the escape of foul air. This should be startling intelligence to loving parents and faithful teachers. There are many who recognize the evil, but few venture to suggest a remedy.

I will venture to submit the following which suggested itself to me as the simplest, cheapest and best plan for ventilating, especially our rural school buildings. Let the joists of the floor, over which the stove stands, be double-flored, thus creating an air chamber about six by twenty-four inches, extending from one side of the house to the other. This chamber is to have apertures at both ends admitting pure air from the outside of the school-house and a valve or register under the stove so that a current of pure, cold air may be admitted and immediately heated by rising over the hot surface of the stove. If then registers be placed in the ceiling, currents of wholesome air may be had in every part of the school-room, while the foul air is carried away. The organic exhalations will be carried away by the upward current and the heavy carbonic acid gas will find its

way into the air chamber under the stove before it will have had time to diffuse itself through the whole room.

I have not time or inclination to discuss the principles of philosophy involved and explain the whole process step by step. All I aver is that it is simple and seemingly feasible, and will merit a trial, for the whole apparatus need not cost more than one dollar, hence, if nothing be gained not much can be lost. If the experiment prove a success, the benefits accruing to school children in districts where expensive ventilating apparatus are not and will not be provided, will be incalculable. Not only do school-houses need ventilation, our churches and other public buildings need it as much. One can not be a good Christian nor a righteous judge in bad air. God has wisely given us plenty of it and has endowed us with brains to devise means for getting it into our habitations; may, therefore, those gifted with inventive mechanical genius set about performing this important function of their office.—K."

#### ARITHMETIC.



This mathematical wheel, if lubricated with a plenty of study, and kept in motion by a deal of practice, is capable of turning out "sums" and "differences," "products" and "quotients" enough to fill a good-sized volume. Nothing in arithmetic, or in practical business, even, excels in importance rapid and accurate addition.

With the use of this little design, it is an easy matter to keep a class interested in merely adding numbers, almost any length of time.

Write a number (7, for instance) in the center of the figure, and add it to one of the numbers (as pointed out by the teacher) inside the circumference, then add it to the number directly outside the circle, and then add the three numbers together. Do this quickly entirely around the circle. Again begin with the number in the center, and get the sum of all the numbers inside the circle. Also get the sum of the numbers outside the circle, adding them as if they were written in vertical columns. To change the combinations, substitute for the number 7 some other number, as 6, 9, 4, etc. Use the numbers (8, 5, 9, 6, etc.) in the center as multipliers, giving the inside products instantly, and making the outside multiplications aloud, and as rapidly as possible.

Use these center numbers as subtrahends and divisors, and the circles of numbers as minuends and dividends. Give the remainders and quotients very promptly.

Find how many times each number of the inner circle is contained in the number directly against it in the outer circle. Find the product as well as the quotient of the same pairs of numbers entirely around the circle, making the multiplication aloud. Multiply all the numbers of the outer circle by each number of the inner circle. Divide all the numbers of the outer circle by each number of the inner circle. Multiply the numbers of both circles by 10, then by 90, 70, etc.; then by 100, 400, 800, etc.; then by 1000, 8000, 5000, etc. If the class is far enough advanced, use these multipliers as divisors. The center number (7, or any other), plus or minus, what equals each number of both circles? Ex.:  $7+2=9$ ,  $7-4=3$ ,  $7+66=73$ .

Make the center number 70 (or as you like) and state what must be added or taken from the other numbers equal to it. The teacher will adapt the drill to the grade of pupils under his care; but be sure and *drill, drill, drill*.

R. J. Teacher.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in the Mediterranean Sea) grove. Presently saw a man coming towards them, when one, named (a city in Sicily) recognized as her cousin (a river in North America). (The river in North America) said he hoped this circle of charming and superior young ladies would allow him to join them. They assented to his proposal, but said he must cease his (cape on Pacific Coast of North America), and (one of the Southern States) saying he certainly needed refreshment, carried him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee (a river in Africa) and (one of a group of islands

west of North America). When he had eaten, he began to tell a story of how he had been chased by a (lake in British America), at which (the city in Italy) was so frightened that she finally fainted away. Then there was great confusion and (cape on eastern coast of the United States) in the company. But a young named (a city in Australia), sprinkled her poor friend with (a city in Prussia), while she told the others to keep up (a cape of Southern Africa). It was not long before the (city in Italy) recovered, when (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)!" And (the river in North America) begged her to take a little (river in South America) wine. Very soon they all started for home, and on the way (the river in North America) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, who was following them, but so full of (islands east of Australia) was he to his young mistress (a lake in Central Europe), that he would allow no one to pet him but her. Soon after, as they were going over some (mountains in North America) ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and cried loudly. (The Southern State) called her (a city in Hungary), but (the lake in Central Europe) comforted her, and promised to give her a (sea in Australia) necklace on her birthday. Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her, complaining that she felt (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken (a cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, they returned to their several homes in (a city in New Hampshire) and peace.—*St. Nicholas*.

#### STAYING AFTER SCHOOL.

To remain after school-hours, as a practice, either to infuse a new life into the pupil, or for purposes of punishment, in our judgment is a measure that defeats its own ends. The teacher almost of necessity becomes nervous and irritable, as a result of already exhausted energy and possible disappointment, and the pupil is made restive under what he recognizes as an artificial restraint, becomes obstinate, observes the loss of power in the teacher, and is determined to defeat the object of his detention, and in a large majority of cases an issue at once arises between teacher and pupil, which could have been and ought to have been avoided.

We beg leave to offer to teachers a few practical hints as aids in the abolition of this nefarious practice:

1. Map out in your thought a thorough plan for each day's work. A well digested programme will be invaluable in this respect.
2. Make yourselves thoroughly familiar with the topics to be presented and studied each day, and their order, so that the mind may accommodate itself to the change of exercises.
3. Exemplify each day in your work the great value of the motto, "A time for everything and everything in its time;" never permitting one recitation or exercise to trespass upon the time of another.
4. Remember there are five days in a week and four weeks in a month, and that it is impossible to do in one month what in the nature of things will require three.
5. Cultivate the habit of finishing a task within a prescribed time, and require the same of your pupils.
6. Never attempt to supplement or patch a recitation.—Chicago Teacher.

#### LANGUAGE.

##### SYNONYMS.

TEACH the pupil to use the right word in the right place, the proper expression for the thought. Study the dictionary, and learn the meaning of the following and other incorrect synonyms:

- Only—No other of the kind.
- Alone—Unaccompanied.
- Enough—All that is wanted.
- Sufficient—All that is needed.
- Competent—Having the power.
- Qualified—Having the training.
- Excuse—We excuse slight offenses.
- Pardon—We pardon manifest fault.
- Forgive—Sin is forgiven.
- Uninterested—Not interested.
- Disinterested—Impartial, unselfish.
- Entire—All its parts.
- Complete—All its appendages.
- Perfect—All essentials, without flaw.
- Fortitude—In bearing pain.
- Courage—In facing danger.
- Inquisitive—Given to research, to gain by inquiry.
- Curious—A habit, a feeling to learn something new.
- Prying—A desire to penetrate into the affairs of others.
- Vocation—Is the calling or profession.

\* Rather at the level of the floor in a flue beside the warm air flue of the chimney

**Avocation**—Temporary employment.

**Auspicious**—Having favorable appearances.

**Propitious**—That which protects us in some undertaking, speeds our exertions, decides our success.

**Memory**—A faculty of the mind which retains the knowledge of past events.

**Remembrance**—Is that, when things occur spontaneously to our thoughts.

**Recollection**—To collect again what has formerly been in the mind.

**Reminiscence**—That which is remembered or called to mind.

{ Splendid, Sweet, Lovely, Pretty, Beautiful, Handsome, Elegant, Superb, Magnificent Grand, Sublime. (We omit definitions).

The teacher can make pleasant, profitable and interesting exercises to his school, by explaining and illustrating such and other synonyms.

Have the pupils make sentences, using such words correctly.

We append a few incorrect terms. Do not allow your pupils to use,

Most for Almost,

Round for Around,

Tend for Attend,

Rouse for Arouse,

Rise for Arise,

Fix } for Arrange or put in order,

Slick } for Think,

Expect for suppose,

Good-deal for Great-deal,

Mixed-up for Mixed,

and many, many other incorrect expressiveness. Watch your own language, criticise yourself, watch your pupils, criticise them, have them criticise each other.

Do not do this for one recitation or one day, but day after day and for weeks, until the pupils shall have formed a habit of using words correctly.

#### GYMNASICS IN SCHOOL.

This excellent selection of gymnastics is condensed from an article in the *Indiana Teacher* by Mrs. Kate B. Ford:

If the school room is large, divide into two divisions and let one division go through with the set and be followed by the other, of course, a piano or organ is essential, but if not at hand, train some of the pupils to sing tunes by the syllable *la*. Some teachers have evoked success by having tunes whistled. But, Dio Lewis says, that a drum is well handled, sufficient for any gymnasium. A few cautions, the room must be ventilated; the time occupied must be short, about five minutes daily; the set we give will, when learned, require only one minute; to learn well will require six weeks; no stamping must be permitted; it must be done to produce happiness; the teacher must master the set herself.

We must add for those to whom this may new, that every movement should be in answer to a signal, not using the voice.

##### FIRST SET.

	Boats of Time.
Position erect, hands closed and on the chest.	
Right hand out and back 4 times.	8
Left hand out and back 4 times.	8
Both alternating, right beginning, then left, making right move away from chest, while left moves towards the same, and vice versa.	8
Both simultaneously.	8
Both hands simultaneously out and back to position, up and back, front and back, down and back, the whole repeated three times, making in all.	32
Arms out, hands open.	1
Fingers snap.	1
Hands clap above heads.	1
Arms in position.	1
Arms out, hands open.	1
Fingers snap.	1
Hands down at sides.	1
Arms in position.	1
Above repeated three times, making in all.	1
The last time, instead of arms returning to position, the elbows and wrists must be bent, the back of the fingers placed against the sides, and the finger-ends at the arm-pits, preparatory for the next.	
Right hand pushed forcibly down, then up.	
Right hand back to position at arm-pit.	
Same repeated three times.	6
Left hand ditto.	8
Both alternating, right again first.	8
Both simultaneously.	8
Last time, instead of returning to arm-pits, hands on hips, thumbs back, palms in front.	
Body motionless, head bent over to front.	
Body motionless, head in position.	
Body motionless, head bent back.	
Body motionless, head in position.	
Head-movements, repeated as above.	
Body motionless, face turned to right.	
Body motionless, face in position.	
Body motionless, face turned to left.	
Body motionless, face in position.	
Last head-movements repeated.	
Body bent forward, face looking at floor.	
Body in position.	
Body bent backward, face looking at ceiling.	
Body in position.	

Body-movements repeated.	8
Feet unmoved, body turned to right.	4
Feet unmoved, body in position.	4
Feet unmoved, body turned to left.	4
Feet unmoved, body in position.	4
Step with right foot forward.	2
Right foot again in position.	2
Same repeated.	4
Left foot forward.	2
Left foot in position.	2
Same repeated.	4
Same stepping back instead of front.	16
Step with right foot forward.	2
Right foot in position.	2
Left foot forward.	2
Left foot in position.	2
Same repeated.	8
Similar stepping backward.	16

#### QUESTIONS.

- Do you regard it advisable to punish children by requiring them to learn extra lessons? Give reasons.
- Why should a teacher know more of a subject than is found in the text books which are used in his room?
- Is it wise to attempt to secure the good will of the pupils by a laxity of discipline? Why?
- What means have you taken during the past year to improve yourself in your profession?

**BRIEF HINTS TO TEACHERS.**—Go to school in time. Call school at the right time. Have the pupils come in promptly and quietly. Write out your order of exercises. Arrange your programme as well as you can. Carry it out to the minute. Consider it is as necessary for you to follow it as for the children to follow it. Provide enough work for every pupil. Suppress whispering. Secure the co-operation of your pupils. Lead them to see that it is their interest to have good order and a good school. Required hard study from the pupils. Lead them to love school. Give short lessons. Assign them so plainly that none may mistake their lessons. Have the lessons well studied. Require clearness, promptness and accuracy in recitation. A little, well known, is of great value. Let not "how much, but how well," be your motto. Do not assist the pupils at recitation. Cultivate their self-reliance. Self-help is their best help. Do not let them help each other. Excite an interest in study. Be enthusiastic yourself and you will make your pupils enthusiastic. Encourage those who need encouragement. Review often. Talk but little. Be quiet yourself. Speak kindly and mildly. Be firm. If you love the pupils, they will love you. Keep good order. Government is the main thing.

SUPPOSE you are a teacher; what kind of a teacher are you? Have you studied all the methods and intelligently selected your own? Have you a method suggested by a careful and loving study of the young minds placed in your care, and by such experience as you have been able to secure? Have you idealized your calling, and seen in it the angelic work of training and building the human mind, and leading it to its highest and finest issues? Does the work absorb you, fill you with the conscious crown of a great responsibility, and call forth from you the most skillful, the most conscientious and careful, and most self-forgetful exercise of all your powers? Or is your work drudgery, which you dislike, and which you are content to do poorly, provided you can get your pay and keep your place.—Dr. Holland.

THE faith in lesson-books and readings is one of the superstitions of the age. Even as appliances to intellectual culture, books are greatly over-estimated. Something gathered from printed pages is supposed to enter into a course of education; but, if gathered by observation of life and nature, is supposed not thus to enter. Reading is seen by proxy—is learning indirectly through another man's faculties instead of directly through one's own faculties, and such is the prevailing bias that the indirect learning is thought preferable to the direct learning, and usurps the name of cultivation.—Herbert Spencer.

**SCHOOL DISCIPLINE:** 1. See that the school-room is well warmed, ventilated, cleansed and lighted, and adorned with pictures, mottoes and flowers. 2. Give pupils plenty to do. 3. Approve work when well done. 4. Carefully inspect pupils' work. 5. Keep up an interest in work. 6. Few rules, uniformly executed. 7. Frequent changes of exercise. 8. Control by kindness. 9. Make the school and all its exercises popular. 10. Pile on motives.

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder shower. "Julius, can you pray?" said one. "No, Sam," was the reply. "Nebber prayed in my life." "Well, can't you sing a hymn?" "No, Sam. Don' no no hymn." "Well, see heah, honey, sumfin' ligious's got to be done heah mighty sudden. Spose you pass the contribution box."

#### Collegiate Department.

WILLIAM L. STONE, Editor.

All communications designed for this department of the paper must be addressed as above.



WALTER DOUMAUX EDMONDS, AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE ESSAY.

The oration on "The St Simeon Stylites of To-day," which we print is the one delivered at the recent Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest by Mr. Walter Doumaux Edmonds, one of the prizemen. Mr. Edmonds was the first chosen representative of Williams College, from which institution he was graduated with honors in the class of 1874. He is a native of Utica in this State, and was prepared for college at the Utica Free Academy. All during his college course he was prominent among those who devoted themselves largely to the study of letters, and to his efforts, in great measure, is due the rejuvenating of the old literary societies of the institution. Twice, standing at the base of the soldiers' monument in Williamstown, he addressed the citizens of the village and the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and he was elected by his class to deliver the oration before them on the occasion of their class day exercise. Mr. Edmond's style of speaking is nervous and forcible, at the same time that it exhibits careful culture and beautiful finish.

He is at present engaged in studying his profession at the Columbia law school in this city.

#### THE SAINT SIMEON STYLITES OF TO-DAY.

Some people have lived very much at variance with what philosophy, (to say nothing of) Christianity, designates as the fullest development and fittest use of human powers.

There is a scene in history which illustrates this. It is in the fifth century after Christ, in Asia.

The principal object in the scene is a rude pillar.

There it towers—a mass of stone—sixty feet high.

What of it? Look up.

See that ghastly profile so sharply drawn against the blue sky, see those matted locks swaying over the staid summit stones, that big, blue hand stretched toward us—clenched.

The stones hide the rest, but you have seen enough. That is a dead man's face. The man was called Simeon Stylites Simeon of the pillar; he was also called a great saint. For forty years, according to his wish, that great pillar separated him from all the world, that he might, without interruption, work out his own salvation.

At last he died.

The instinct that prompts the wretched to rush to any loop-hole of escape from their misery, has brought thousands of men and women, weary of the bitterness of sin, to the foot of the dead saint's column. To not one of them has he shown a practicable path to his paradise. They look up as they have done for forty years; some with savage cries for help and guidance, some with the appealing glance of silent misery. They look up in vain. Hot tears have furrowed the stones at the pillar's foot. The great saint's heart was never moved.

He might have come down from his pillar. He might have walked like his Master with publicans and sinners, have eaten and drunken with them, have shown them that his controlled passions were of the same kind as their unbridled ones; in short, he might have been an influence.

Was it fear of pollution that kept him thus aloof?

Was it selfishness that made him spend his great powers in working out his own salvation regardless of any other man's?

Oh, selfish, exclusive, miserable saint! The great, ugly, dirty, wretched world, thundered out to you for help, for forty years. Atop your pillar, you listened not. You did naught but purify that puny soul of yours; may God keep it knocking at the gates of paradise.

Ladies and gentlemen, I regret what I have just said. An impulse to utter it came upon me overpoweringly.

Simeon, to give him the benefit of calm consideration,

was not altogether deficient in the qualities that go to make a saint.

His was unimpeachable purity. His was no partial nor feigned sacrifice to what he mistook for duty.

In view of the ignorance of his dark age, we may not blame, nay, we may almost pity the wretched life, the lonely death of the old saint on his column.

What satisfaction must come to us with the thought that in the learning and correct knowledge that illuminate our own bright days, there can be none like Simeon.

What?

For one St. Simeon in that old, dark age, there are thousands to-day. They are everywhere. I doubt not some are here.

Do not look about you for pillars of stone; the St. Simeon's of to-day stand on invisible columns.

Thousands of men and women, whose love of purity and happiness, whose talents, whose culture, whose opportunities might make them rich sources of bettering influence, are fenced from fields where all is rotting for lack of them by their selfishness, their bigotry, their prejudice, more unyielding than stone.

From the remote days of Simeon, through all the centuries, ignorant besotted humanity has never ceased to raise its appealing cry.

To the old saint, the cry rose only from about his pillar's foot.

To you Simeons of to-day, by the help of modern science and invention, it rises from the whole world.

The newspaper, through which you see around the globe, reiterates the moral rottenness of this bright age, brings a picture of it through the glass and marble that ward the reality from your seclusion, brings it to you to the very pillar's top and lays its hideousness before your eyes.

Do you disparage the black detail that brings you face to face with duty?

Do you "wonder such things can be printed," and banish the paper for one that contains less of human anguish?

Perhaps you raise your pillars a course higher with the thought that these things are needlessly and falsely over-drawn.

Stop.

Right here, in this city, so proud of its civilization, listen, you may almost hear from where you sit, the struggle of a brutal murder, the sob of a despairing suicide.

To-morrow's press shall prove it.

But, ah, I forget; you will skip that part of its contents. So only can you keep unruffled the aesthetic calm of your own selfish lives, so only find perfect satisfaction in bending all life's energy and talents to the conjuring of other beauties than happiness in a wretched neighbor's heart, so only (you bigots) cling to schemes for human improvement which are faulty and useless by the testimony of ages.

"The times are very pressing, the world has need of men;" of wise men, who know themselves and their own kind better than the courses of distant stars, or the habits of foreign fish or the names of flies; of sound men whose highest pleasure is not in dress, nor in sweet music, nor in fruitless mental antics, but rather in the harmony of a happy humanity; of earnest men who will overturn fearlessly every column of conventionality and prejudice that stands in the way of their exerting practical, aggressive, combined influence towards the bettering of their race. Such men have lived; ere now. The utter worthlessness of countless lives is in fact rebuked by the inestimable value of a few—of a few.

Is this language inconsiderate?

Are our better classes, on the whole, living the life best for themselves and their poor neighbors?

Without searching elsewhere, let us look to the present condition of American politics for an answer. Why should I humiliate this American audience by dwelling on that condition, by describing the incompetence or knavishness, the almost utter lack of wisdom and integrity on the part of the majority of those who to-day manage for us that indispensable condition of security and happiness, our civil government.

The first French Republic administered by gutter snipes, lasted a few short years.

The Athenian told eight hundred; but every citizen of it who dropped the ostra was a cultured man, and the Helots grinned from behind the bars of the agora.

Our better classes, our cultured men, have deserted our agora.

Our Helots have broken in and rule the vote.

Now, deduce for yourselves how long this Republic, strong as it is, can so exist; and then tell me whether the life whose fatal refinement forbids interference in politics, because, forsooth, they are corrupt, is the best that can be led by the only class to which we look for broad intelligence and moral soundness.

Men of leisure, men of talents, men of mental and moral

culture, consider what you do when you refuse your influence and service to the world to-day.

Yours cannot be the excuse of your mistaken old prototype.

He erred in ignorance. Our times are bright. You are the only blamable St. Simeon Styliques!"

#### PENMANSHIP.

ALTHOUGH at first glance the following letter might not be thought to come under the collegiate head, yet so many students spend their vacation in teaching, that they can derive profit from its perusal.

#### WRITING.

This is the second science which a large number of scholars tell me he is studying, when we visit the schools, i.e., "writin." Yet one that is sadly neglected, not that no time is spent in scribbling—the desks and walls of most schools frequently sadly tell to the contrary. Usually, too, the copybooks would show that this was very much cared for; but, among our common school teachers, few there are who can write a good hand, and fewer still who can teach this science. They can scribble, and teach children to scribble, but really to improve the hand of the pupil, they fail to do it. Even if the teacher can handle the pen with dexterity, he may spoil the child's hand, and, perhaps, the reason is that one teacher has his own peculiar whim, and the one that follows him another, and after the child has got into his teens, the wonder is that he can write at all fit to be seen. Some one makes a nice pile of money going round and teaching the so-called "writing schools." He puts up his card, which he perhaps delineated from 15 to 30 years ago, and all are fascinated; but after the lessons, but few will really improve. We speak from experience. Our hand has been spoiled so many times, that at times we wonder our hand is legible. Don't be surprised then, Mr. Editor, if you can't make this out.

It has got to that pitch, that it is often said "a poor writer is the sign of a good scholar." If so, we correspond with a many able scholars. In olden times it took a goodly portion of the teacher's time to mend his pupils' quills. Were there not good writers in those days? From specimens, we would so judge. There was certainly much attention paid then to this science.

"What matchless skill,

Is in the quill,

Pluck'd from the goose's wing!"

Thus sang the poet. Perhaps we might now change the song—

"What matchless deal,

Is in the steel,

By which the school boys scribble."

Shall we lay the fault to the steel? No doubt poor writers were plenty in time of quills. But certain it is that the effect of a steel pen is not good on the nerves and muscles of the hand. Long ago we resorted to quills for the main part, not

"Pluck'd from the goose's wing;"

but from a good gobbler, and we prefer them to the best quill or gold pen, and sometimes we write for weeks together without stopping to mend. One we have had in, we might almost say, constant use for nearly nine years: but we have written many hundreds—we might say thousands of pages of MSS., and we are loth now to give it up, though near its end. We would then rather change the song of the poet in this wise—

"What matchless skill,

Is in the quill,

Pluck'd from the turkey's wing;"

or perhaps still better, from the turkey's tail.—TOKAT.

#### BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is a poet who has had in his career a single, constant inspiration. For more than sixty years he has "sung to our sweet harp in divers tones." He is emphatically a man of one book, and that is the book of life. He has written no versified discussions, no metrical harangues, and honor and praise are due to the artist who has never degraded his art. Nature is adored and worshipped until it sometimes seems that the poet's religion is a higher pantheism. Natural scenery is described in detail, faultless word-pictures are drawn, that the reader may see the object in its actual, unadorned loveliness, and then it is idealized and becomes the inspiration of beautiful imagery. Even when the poet portrays man, he presents him as a creature of the objective world, "a brother to the insensible rock," and in his productions we look in vain for any traces of subjectivity. Seldom is it, however, that man is brought into view, his sinful nature does not harmonize with the passive holiness and heavenly beauty around him. The word *beauty* is the key-note of Bryant's method. His theory might be formulated after this manner. The immediate end of the poet, is to depict and portray the beautiful, his ultimate end, to elevate and ennoble mankind by means of its portrayal. Any lessons, therefore, growing out of the subject come within the legitimate sphere of the art. It may be thought that this last provision places him in the rank of Didactic poets, and, to a certain extent, this is undoubtedly true. But it has never been his chief aim to teach by direct address to the intellect. He does not write | powering.

a poem for the sake of pointing a moral, and although he does sometimes give utterance to practical sentiments, they are always held in strict subordination to his main purpose—the creation of the beautiful. His productions, like those of the artist and sculptor, address themselves to the finer feelings, and he fully realizes that the true aim of the poet is to educate the emotions, not the mind. One necessary qualification of his method is brevity, but it is not the brevity springing from paucity of ideas but the pregnant brevity of condensation. As a consequence of this, we may feel assured that in reading one of his poems we will find nowhere a puerile sentiment, nor even a weak line. Many critics have pronounced Bryant wanting in passion, but this criticism is unfounded and unjust.

His lines certainly give no expression of unrestrained feeling, but a kindly sympathy and a delicate and exquisite appreciation of the beautiful. His muse must not be considered earth-born, because it never leads him into extravagance or morbid sentimentalism. One noticeable characteristic is his regard for the hereafter. He never loses sight of the fact that man is the creature of a day, and that earth is but the tomb of the nations. He never strives to pierce the veil; never calls upon imagination to supplement revelation in regard to the nature of the future existence. He accepts death and resurrection as facts, and is happy in their contemplation. He is often pensive, but never sad, and with him we realize the sublime and holy pleasure accompanying serious thoughts and sober meditation. Bryant's versification is all that could be desired as the vehicle of his thought. He is not a word artist, and does not rely upon sound and rhythm for effect. He has written many beautiful pieces in rhyme, which are faultlessly regular and musical, but as might be surmised his favorite and sublimer poems are in blank verse. Of late poetry has been growing psychological and didactic. The sensibilities, to a great extent, have been neglected to give place to more complete cultivation of the intellect. Man, subjectively—his thoughts, actions and relations have engaged the poet's attention, somewhat to the exclusion of the objective world of external nature. And on this account we cannot but regard with greater tenderness and affection one of the old minstrels who, although singing constantly to same grand theme, has never become monotonous, nor aspired to the titles of philosopher or preacher, but has been content with that of poet.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

#### A MOTHER OF CRIMINALS.

SOME of the most curious and remarkable criminal statistics ever obtained have just been given to the public by Dr. Harris, of New York. His attention was called, some time since, to a county on the upper Hudson which showed a remarkable proportion of crime and poverty to the whole population,—450 of its 40,000 inhabitants being in the almshouse,—and, upon looking into the records a little, he found certain names continually appearing. Becoming interested in the subject, he concluded to search the genealogies of these families, and, after a thorough investigation, he discovered that from a young girl named "Margaret,"—who was left adrift, nobody remembers how, in a village of the county, 70 years ago, and, in the absence of an almshouse was left to grow up as best she could,—have descended two hundred criminals. As an illustration of this remarkable record, in one single generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children; of these, three died in infancy and seventeen survived to maturity. Of the seventeen, nine served in the State prisons for high crimes, an aggregate term of fifty years, while the others were frequent inmates of jails and penitentiaries and almshouses! The whole number of this girl's descendants, through six generations, is nine hundred, and besides the two hundred who are on record as criminals, a large number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, prostitutes and paupers. A stronger argument for careful treatment of pauper children than these figures could hardly be found.

A friend in the Boston ministry has called our attention to the foregoing figures and facts. They are suggestive and appalling.

#### HOW THEY LIVED IN POMPEII.

CHARLES WARREN STODDART, writing to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, says, in describing a visit to the ruins of Pompeii: I cannot understand how a people who are supposed to have been luxurious in their tastes ever lived in such ridiculously small houses as are those of Pompeii. The bedrooms are like staterooms, and the stone beds, like berths, fill the longest side of the apartment. There are no garden spots; even the baths, the crowning luxury of the time, are small. The Forum and some few of the temples are of more respectable dimensions, but the resorts of 30,000 people could hardly be less. The private life of the Pompeians must have been narrow, meagre and unhealthy. The gardens without the city probably afford their only means of recreation, and I wonder how any one who has once breathed pure air can have returned to sleep in such miserable quarters as the Pompeian bedrooms. Single partitions between all the houses, no gardens, no open courts save in the mansions of the wealthy, and the glare of the Southern sun streaming on walls glowing with red and yellow paint—such was Pompeii in its best days. No doubt it was a brilliant and lively spectacle, and Bulwer has made the most of it. It seems the correct thing to loaf about the place with a copy of Bulwer's "Last Days" in my pocket. This I did at a latter date. I frightened the lizards in the Forum and chased butterflies in the Temple of Isis, and languished in the house of the wounded Adonis, for it was awfully hot. I sat the sole spectator in the well-preserved amphitheatre, and walked in the Street of the Tombs. The "House of the Tragic Poet" received me, and I explored for myself some dark passages that led under certain houses, where I met with an odor of sulphur that was almost over-

## Literary Department.

THE editor of this department of the JOURNAL will be happy to receive contributions of stories, poetry, and papers on miscellaneous subjects, and will be glad to encourage all the younger writers by publishing such articles as will, in his opinion, bear the scrutiny and suit the taste of the readers of the JOURNAL.

He will also be pleased to reply to any and all correspondence on subjects of a social character, etiquette, science and art, or on any subject which may be of interest to our patrons.

Please address communications intended for this department to

EDITOR LITERARY DEPARTMENT,  
NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

### The Esquette.

BY MARY K. HANLY.

Light gleamed from out the windows,  
Music floated on the air,  
Youth and beauty in their springtime  
Held a dazzling revel there;

One face, it looked the brightest,  
In all the brilliant throng,  
Feet swiftest to the joyous notes,  
Voice sweetest in the song.

A heart that throbbed the wildest,  
In that gay and festive scene;  
A witching smile, a sparkling eye,  
Proclaimed Estelle the queen.

And fond ones clustered round her

In that hour of wildest glee,

But her bright eyes seemed to wander

Search of one she did not see.

She joined the whirling waltzes,  
With him who loved her well,  
Whose earnest eye revealed the truth  
He never dared to tell.

She looked upon him kindly,

And she gave him smile for smile,

But her sweet and winning glances

Deceived him all the while.

When the giddy dance was ended,  
And another one stood by,  
She spoke the self-same flippant words,  
And breathed the same soft sigh;

But still her bright eyes wandered,

And seemed at naught to stare—

A shadow fell upon her brow,

One of momentary care.

Again the shadow came and went,  
As one stood by her side,  
Who took her hand, with meaning said  
Estelle must greet my bride.

He watched her, and she falter'd

Neath his piercing earnest eye,

And her ready tongue was silence'd

By the thought of days gone by.

She had play'd with one too many,  
He who sought her day by day,  
She had given feigned affection

To all who came the way;

She was fair, bright, false and winning,

And she knew her charms full well;

Vain folly lost the only one

Beloved by proud Estelle.

Grammar School No. 12.

## MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.

BY KATHERINE SAUNDERS,  
AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

### CHAPTER V.

JOSEPH KINLEY'S LODGER.

HECTOR BROWNE and Joseph Kinley did not fall out about terms, so the lodger was received that evening.

It seemed as if something more than chance had led him to this spot; as if a much more subtle enemy of Kennedy than himself had guided his steps thither to keep his vengeance alive with the sight of happiness that had been snatched from him.

He never reasoned with himself on the great difference there was between this marriage and his own—never heeded that, while Alice loved her husband as truly as he loved her, Margaret Dawson had never even professed to love him. He saw only their happiness, and persuaded himself his own would have been as great but for Kennedy's baseness.

In the hazy August morning when he woke and heard Joseph at work in the garden, and Alice's light step about the house, he sprang from his bed as if some voice had urged him to be more speedy in his vengeance.

In the long sweet August evenings, when the moonlight threw the quivering jasmine shadows on the cottage walls,

and the birds twittered as if they would never go to sleep—when the house was hot and the garden pleasant—he sat on the bench smoking, and watching the young people as they stood at the gate looking through the trees down upon the Alwy, or at the hill behind them, covered with golden bouquets of wheatsheaves.

By the hour he watched them and suffered, and every pang was added to Kennedy's account. It is strange that love so true and sweet should have nourished a hatred like his, and added to its growth and strength; strange that everything evil in Hector's heart should thrive so fearfully in such a spot and among such people. Even Hector felt this, and would mutter to himself, as he sent whiffs of blue smoke into Joseph's lilies and roses, and listened to the nightingale's singing in the lane, "Truly, the devil has strange workshops."

Joseph Kinley had an immense respect for his lodger. His silence and occasional fits of impatience he attributed to his being absorbed in business. His knowledge on everything connected with ships was a source of unfailing wonder and admiration to the young men, who was radiant whenever he could get Hector to talk of his early voyages. As to the other men at Plucker's, he puzzled them greatly.

He so carefully veiled his mental habits from the world, that it was not easy for anyone to penetrate to his mystery. He was seen generally to look involved in thought, tending towards gloom; to change to a jovial expression when unexpectedly spoken to; to be in other respects undemonstrative in speaking to and acting with his fellow-workmen, till some slight annoyance that he felt as serious would stir him, and then he would be found to be roused quite unexpectedly into sudden and inexplicable fury, and for a brief while would rage like a mad-man, and no one feel safe near him. But such fits soon passed. With a sullen aspect he would, perhaps, then say a few words expressive, or meant to be expressive, of regret to the persons he had most outraged by his violence, and again resume his ordinary attitude of fixed stolid impassibility.

One only clue could his comrades get to his state of mind, and that did not guide them far. If by chance any of them ever happened to let Hector know they were in possession of a newspaper—no matter what its date or what its country—they knew no rest till they had lent it to their ill-conditioned fellow-workman, who always treated it in the same way—that is, put into his pocket while they were present; kept it perhaps for a day or two, not being a very quick reader; then gave it back, with as much warmth of tone in his thanks as he was ever known to use.

This particular trait of Hector's tastes or desires became so well known in the circle about him that at last he was rarely a day without receiving papers from one quarter or another.

August passed away, and the finest days of September. The tall hollyhocks began to open in Joseph's garden, and the apples to fall. Still Hector's reading and inquiries all came to nothing; and he began to get restless and eager for a change.

At last Joseph came in one wet evening from the town with a newspaper, which he gave to Hector, saying,—

"Gales gave me that for you;" and, putting his finger half way down a certain column, added, "he thinks that's your man."

Hector immediately took the paper, wished them good-night, and went to his room.

They never again beheld him. On the following morning his room was found empty—Joseph Kinley's lodger was gone!

### CHAPTER VI.

THE BITTERN'S CRY.

WHAT was he meditating?—whither going?

Apparently he began to ask himself such questions after some hours of hard walking, when he paused on the side of a hill; for he took a map from his pocket, and spread it out upon the green carpet at his feet, and turning, lay upon his breast to examine it.

"All right, so far," he muttered. Then he traced with his finger the forward route to the place called Heronden, at which his finger stopped so long he felt the pulse beating in it.

He wondered whether anybody had ever been mad enough before to try such a road from Bletwich to Heronden as he was now pursuing. Up great precipices and then down, and the same process many times repeated. Miles along the sea beach, with rocks overhanging, and seemingly ready to fall, as they had often fallen before and strewn the route with their débris. Past projecting corners and long incurving stretches of coast, where, if it had happened to come at the wrong moment, he might have been caught by the tide and swallowed up; then striking inland across country, through old-fashioned villages, where the sleepy people stared at his stern look, torn dress, and brilliant yet bloodshot eyes, and where he

first stopped for refreshment, which no one was able or willing to give him, till at one hamlet an aged woman pitied his worn looks and brought him out a bowl of milk and a great slice of bread. This he began eagerly to devour, but turned from it presently with a sense of sickness, lay down on a bench, and in another minute was fast asleep.

On waking, Hector hurried on through the broad water-mashes that he saw stretching far away before him—green land and dull water—mingling to the eye into an inexplicable maze.

The darkness increased so fast that before he could have advanced a mile from the hamlet he found it difficult to distinguish the ground from the water more than for a few yards before him. This made progress at once tedious and dangerous.

Perpetually he would choose a path that led him straight into the water. He would go back, choose another, and come again to a similar conclusion.

With an intense feeling of irritation that was often so great he could scarcely prevent himself from breaking into a fierce cry, he thus, after several minutes spent in movements to and fro, and in a supposed advance on the whole, found himself back again at the spot where he had been some time before, a spot that he knew by the stump of a broken willow tree standing beside other willows.

He turned to look back, but could no longer recognize the route he had come.

Again he turned to the forward route, and could make out nothing but water and something that did not seem water, indicated here and there, mixed up with it.

He took out his map, but could not even see the faint lines of his route; so that, even if he were able to perceive the fixed objects that were marked in the map as guides for the wayfarer, they would do him no good now.

He gazed into the sky, in a kind of mute appeal, for moonlight, starlight, or for yet a brief return of the last rays of daylight, so that he might at least do something—make some effort—go back, or go forward.

The blank, lowering darkness of the sky was his only answer.

He sat down in the intense depression of his spirits, feeling it would not matter much if he never more rose.

Faint, musical, and very weird-sounding cries came borne unto his ear from the wild fowl; and then the hoarse cry of the bittern, which Hector had never heard, but knew from the description of it he had learned when a child in his favorite book of birds.

An odd fancy struck Hector as he heard this. That bittern's cry seemed to his superstitious soul a cry either of doom or help. What if he went towards it regardless of the water?

He had heard of travelers at night throwing the reins loose on their horse's neck when they came to unknown and diverging paths. What if he so gave way to the fancy that possessed him, and saw whether it would guide him aright?

But was the water deep?

A still more critical question was this—could he get firm foothold—if the water were not in itself too deep—or should he sink into a quagmire at the bottom, and be unable to extricate himself?

As he could not answer this satisfactorily, he did what seemed the next best thing to him—remained silent; while these very difficulties and dangers served but to nerve and stimulate all the fierce hatred of his soul towards Kennedy, and hurry him on to vengeance.

Stirred by this idea, he trod sturdily on and into the water that his feet first touched, found it shallow, and after a time emerged once more upon the grass.

Still darker grew the night, and the silence itself became fearfully oppressive. Hector would have given much to hear the splash of water, the murmuring of waves, the roar of the now distant sea.

He could not put off the notion that it was a region of death; and that he, who had entered it so heedlessly, would not be permitted to return.

Again the cry of the bittern! He would follow it.

But then he was sure the sound did not come from exactly the same direction as before. No matter; he would obey that voice. He fancied the bittern might itself be passing from one piece of land to another, and so indicating the way to Hector's safety. Again he goes into the water—down—and at one step it was knee-deep. Another step and it was at his waist. Still the bittern cried!

The water's depth remained level for a few paces, then got shallower, then it came up to Hector's arm-pits.

He felt his way cautiously in all directions, now with one foot and now with the strong stick he carried; but, if anything, the water seemed deeper in every other direction than that he had first tried.

He could swim, he reminded himself, though not easily or far, for he was burdened with his clothes; he felt chilled

to the very marrow, and was so fatigued that, if he could only have satisfied himself it was the right thing to do, he would gladly have bent his head backward, and have sunk under the now black, almost invisible, water, and have made that his last winding-sheet.

He had marked his recent standing-place by keeping some rushes constantly in his eye, so that he could go back to it and there wait till the morning.

The thought of doing so was horrible. Besides, a night so spent—his clothes drenched and no food or warmth obtainable—would probably either kill or so enfeeble him that he would be fit for nothing, and so his enemy would be left to enjoy his triumph.

He waited, hesitatingly, minute after minute, shivering, that he might once more hear the cry of his only friend, or his deadliest enemy, the bittern.

How long it was in its coming again! Whether the bittern had been seeking, and at last had obtained, his supper, and was enjoying a comfortable sleep afterwards, on the edge of his preserve; or whether, on the contrary, it was that he was very much engaged in still seeking his supper, some time elapsed before the listener heard the yearned-for sound.

But it came, and straight in front of Hector's face, and seemed to be not far off.

He at once moved forward and found himself out of his depth, and sinking into a mass of weed and tenacious slime or mud, from which, after a quick grasp and a sudden putting forth of his utmost power, he in part extricated himself and swam.

But there was a complete trail of some sort of thick, tangled vegetation hanging heavily about his feet, and which clung to the other vegetation over which he was passing and drew him down.

He struggled, but he felt his mouth was sinking below the water. He felt a sort of calmness then come over him, and a voice say to him " You are a dead man if you do not force your way through this and keep yourself up. So, now!"

Whether it was the voice of his own soul he knew not; he only knew he did struggle, and rose again, just a little. Then another mighty effort—a wild shaking of his limbs, and a terrible panting, as he forced the gathering scum of weed from before his mouth, just in time to strike out once more for dear life, and keep up in spite of the force that was drawing him down, till—one foot touched the firm ground—then the other—and then, ere many minutes more had passed, Hector stood on the grassy soil again; and with quivering nerves and fingers, quaking limbs, and heaving breast, cleared himself from the rank mass of vegetation that had almost paralysed his utmost efforts.

His first thought was of the absolute necessity of rest, and of forgetting everything, so utterly prostrated did he feel. He sat down; perhaps as complete an example of a man utterly miserable in mind and body as the world could have produced just then. Something catches his eye in the darkness. It stirs him to new effort. He tries to peer through the gloom and make it out, but cannot. It looks like a gleam, as of a dull, very dull, light. It moves; yes, he is sure of that.

Some impulse induces him to snatch up a piece of heavy stick he has found among the weeds that clung to him, and throw it, expecting to hear by the sound what the object was.

He is answered by a fierce and hoarse cry; then there is heard the flapping of heavy wings, and the bittern sails away.

Hector felt quite shocked at his own seeming ingratitude. The ancient mariner who shot the albatross, could hardly have felt more compunction than did Hector at this, his unseasonable attack on his bird-friend.

And even as he thought so he heard once more the natural cry of the bittern coming from a direction a little to the right of that which he thought he had been pursuing.

He turned, too, and went on in the direction indicated; and was wonderfully relieved to find quite a long stretch of ground; and when at last he did come to water once more there was a new surprise for him—a dark, low, long object on the surface—which Hector at once hailed with the cry of

"A boat! Thank God!"

Was the boat fastened? And if so, how? He felt all about it till he came to a rope slightly tightened.

There was then a current. What if he let go, and trusted to it? No sooner thought of than done. He undid the knot that fastened the end of the rope to a stake, and the boat began to move. It went very slowly, and with many ungainly turnings about in the windings of the channel; for Hector could see nothing perfectly, and thought it wisest to let the boat go just as it liked while it would go.

For many minutes the boat still moved along, but at last grounded and stopped. Hector found deep water on both sides, as if the channel here divided, and

the boat rested on the land between the two. He must push the boat off. But which of the two channels should he take?

He decided to give the boat a fair chance of settling that for itself, by pushing it back a few yards as near the centre as he could, and then, letting it go again, to see whether it could get past into one of the channels. He managed this very well, and the boat did not again ground, but went on, and Hector fancied faster than before.

Was it going to the sea? Or—

The blood in Hector's veins beat with a kind of fierce joy at his mere thought. The character of the scene about him began to change. The channel grew wider and more regular, as if artificially shaped, and the boat went along, in consequence, more smoothly.

Even in all the chaos of his soul he could hardly help feeling to enjoy the quiet gliding along mile after mile, knowing nothing whether the stream would guide him, and reflecting how like in all but its peacefulness it was to his own life—so dark and so mysterious in its aim or direction. After a while the moon came forth, very pale and half obscured by low clouds, but still giving sufficient light for Hector to understand something of the landscape around him.

He was in a gentleman's park, evidently a large one from the length of time he had already been passing through it. Magnificent clumps of trees were everywhere and there to be seen. And about the bases of the nearest trees he saw dark objects clustered that he could not for awhile make out; but one of them rose, and Hector was just able to distinguish the horns of a magnificent deer.

The water, too, was no longer a stream, but was a lake. White objects, quite motionless, were on the water, which he guessed to be sleeping swans.

The house must be near. How he wished either for more light or less light so that he might be able to see in time how to keep out of danger, or else glide along, under the cover of the darkness, unnoticeable, and therefore unchallenged. How easily, if seen, might he not be arrested by wandering keepers as a poacher, and perhaps sent to gaol by way of close to his venturesome expedition!

The night grew still clearer, and Hector could now see pretty well through the obscurity what he wanted, and was not himself likely to be seen by any eyes that did not happen to come very close to him.

Presently he heard shots fired. Sticking an oar into the soft soil, he managed to stay his boat, and listen.

Shouts were also heard, though very faintly, and evidently afar off; some minutes later, and just as Hector thought of going on again—he saw three or four men running towards him, as if conscious he was there.

Startled, he hesitated for a moment what to do, but drew up his oar and let the boat again obey the current, he keeping his body low down in the boat in the hope to escape their eyes.

But very soon the whole four men appeared on the water's edge and vigorously beckoned to him. They did not shout, strange to say, and seemed like shadows that had no power to speak.

Hector saw they had guns, and he guessed they could not be keepers, or they would no doubt have been clamorous enough, so he set them down as poachers.

What did they want with him? He decided to take no notice and seem not to see them. But suddenly a stone as big as an orange came down into the boat with a startling thud, and taught Hector that if they could neither use guns nor voices without attracting the keepers, from whom they were probably escaping, they were still quite well able to bring him to terms.

Looking round in anger at this attack, he saw one of the men taking deliberate aim at him, so he called out,

"Hold! I am getting to land as fast as I can. Go on. We'll meet."

They seemed to understand, and went on moving as he moved, till Hector got the boat to land and they faced each other.

They were big, powerful fellows, with blackened faces. There was among them an air of fierce but repressed excitement.

They let Hector know, in few and expressive words, that they intended him, "whether he liked it or not," to take them across the water.

Staring at them in a sort of sulky absentmindedness, he allowed them to get into the boat. He soon discovered that they were poachers fresh from an affray with the keepers of the park through which the water ran.

Towards the close of the struggle the owner of the estate, whom they called the captain, had come up and taken the gun of one of the poachers who was hurt and weak.

At parting, they gave Hector a hint that it would be as well if his memory were not too good about this little bit of business. Hector assured them he should be silent, and so they parted.

In a single moment later he had forgotten almost their very existence, for he saw a light, yet far distant, and kept it in view as his guiding star.

The one light soon became two, and the two several, though widely scattered over the broad surface of a very large mansion, which now became dimly visible.

Presently the water was spanned by a bridge of solid masonry; and against one of the piers was moored an elegant boat with an awning.

Some fine Alderney cows were standing close to the water, having just come down to drink. He saw also two or three horses of striking beauty, one of them with a foal by its side.

Why did Hector look with such interest upon these, and every other object about him that he could make out through the obscurity of the night? Perhaps he did not know himself; but, at any rate, nothing escapes that inquisitive eye.

There is the house, quite close—an old Elizabethan house, with high-pitched gables and rambling wings, and projections, and a piece of annexed Gothic architecture that must be a chapel.

On, past the front, which is perhaps some fifty yards distant, sweeps the little boat; then the stream makes a turn, and goes quite close to a kind of wing of the mansion, raised on a little mound, so as almost to overhang the water.

The projection looks like a kind of elaborate summer-house, and yet seems more than that by its size, stateliness, and its connection with the rest of the pile.

The bank is high above the water, and will conceal the boat. So Hector fastens it to a tree trunk, and ascends to the top of the bank.

He follows the curve of the base of the mound, and finds, as he expected, a slope leading up to the top. With jealous care he shrouds himself as much as possible by moving wherever the shadows are deepest, until he reaches the level of one of the windows, and ventures to look in.

His first glance through that window took away his breath and every bit of color out of his face. As he clung feverish yet shivering, to the window-sill, he saw the passionate desire of his heart for the last three months was realised. There, within a yard of his own, was the face of his enemy.

Kennedy was writing. A row of letters freshly addressed lay on his desk. It struck Hector instantly that so much letter writing showed he was preparing for the voyage, of which he had heard from his comrade.

"Another day," he thought, "and I might have been too late."

Suddenly the form his eyes were fastened upon rose, and went out of the room. Hector sprang on to the window-sill, seized the frame work, forced it open, and leaped into the room. His eyes, glancing wildly about, fell upon an object, the sight of which brought sudden intelligence into them.

It was the poacher's gun which had been taken by Kennedy, and which Hector guessed to be loaded with a death-dealing charge.

He scarcely had time to seize it, and find by the ramrod it was loaded, before he heard the returning steps of Kennedy; who entered the room with a slow step, and his eyes looking down upon the carpet; when he was some yards from the door he suddenly found himself in total darkness. Hector had put out the lamp.

Kennedy turned to go back, but stood as if rooted to the spot, when he heard a heavy step cross the room, the door slammed, and the key turned.

Quick as thought, he went to the fire-place, seized the bell rope in one hand and a pistol from the mantelpiece in the other.

The click of the pistol served to guide his adversary's aim, and was of no other use, for it was unloaded. There was a blinding flash, a thundering report, and Captain Kennedy fell his length upon the carpet, with the words "For her sake!" ringing in his ears.

The servants came battering at the door, and calling on their master, who answered not. They forced it, and found him stretched on the hearth-rug, which was soaked with his blood.

A few went out in search of the supposed poacher who had done the deed; but the real culprit was again in his little boat drifting down the stream, he knew not whither.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"HAD I the choice of only four things to be taught to my children," said a wise mother once in our hearing, "they should be able to read well, so write well, to sing well, to sketch well." True, thought we, perfection in all these will earn their possessor a maintenance in any country, enable him to entertain any human being in whose company he may be thrown, or to amuse himself when alone, whether in mountain solitudes of desert wilds, or cast away on an uninhabited island in the midst of the sea.

# New York School Journal

AND  
EDUCATIONAL NEWS.

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The columns of this paper are always open to all educational writers for the discussion of any live subject pertaining to the cause of Education. We invite contributions from the pens of Teachers, Principals, Professors; all contributions to be subject to editorial approval. Our friends are requested to send us marked copies of all local papers containing school news or articles on educational subjects.

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Office, 89 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

THE JOURNAL is rapidly increasing in circulation, subscriptions coming in from every quarter. We aim to make this a paper that will be indispensable to the teacher who wishes to keep pace with educational progress, come in contact with its freshest thoughts, and to become skillful by learning from the methods of others.

WE shall present under "THE SCHOOL ROOM" everything that seems not only practical but suggestive to the tasked and tried teachers. It will be our constant effort to add in each paper something to the resources of each teacher, something to help him discharge his duties with more ease, certainty and skill. The demand of the times is for skilled laborers, and we shall not fail to aid in every possible way that teacher who desires to improve.

THE annual report of the superintendent of the schools of the city of New York must be looked upon by those interested in education with deep interest. In some particulars it is a formal document, but it must contain after all somewhere the best judgment as to agencies and result of one who stands in the best place of all this continent to observe the operations of American schools. It must not be supposed that perfection or anything that resembles it has yet been reached, hence; no matter what plans have been devised, he only is wise who is constantly seeking for the all-encompassing—that embraces all and has no exceptions to the rule of its law.

Mr. Kiddle does not hesitate to record himself in favor of co-education, and making German a regular study in the schools. He speaks in strong and emphatic terms concerning the ventilation of school rooms—a subject alas that has been long ignored. He believes reading and arithmetic to have fallen behind during the year, but improvement to have been made in spelling and writing. He believes the course of study is not too comprehensive, education being a boon, not a charity from the older to the younger members of the community. He states that the instruction in vocal music has produced unsatisfactory results.

The whole report will repay perusal, and we commend it to the observant and thoughtful attention of the educational public.

We cannot commend too highly the article by President Hoss. It was delivered as an address at the Indiana State Teachers' Association.

PRESIDENT NEILSON has, in his address, well outlined the work for the year. There are seven things that will demand profound consideration—important things—things that cast the minute details, the consideration of petty expenditures into the shade. 1st. Extent of public or State education. 2d. The studies—how many and what studies shall the public scholars have. 3d. Skillful teaching. 4th. The principal's place in the school. 5th. Normal College. 6th. Compulsory education. 7th. The independence and supremacy of the Board of Education.

To consider each of these justly, will demand both an outlay of time and an exercise of discriminative judgment and careful investigation sufficient to employ the whole time of the Board. For, strange as it may seem, the methods of education are in the forms best fitted for large numbers of children, comparatively undiscovered. How to do it is a problem every shallow thinker believes to be very easy; experiments of a costly kind have been made and are being made, and yet it is to be confessed that the results are not what the sanguine friends of education have expected; so that the year 1875 has come, and with much learned in the past there are still needed a more profound insight and a wiser adjustment of causes to realize for the children what this generation believe to be its sacred duty to secure to them.

These seven departments of work may be condensed into two—those that relate to teachers and those that relate generally to methods and means. And here we have placed first of all, because of his supreme importance, the teacher. And we believe that if the problem of procuring "teachers who understand the work and who are experts in that which they undertake to teach" is really solved, then the difficulties that seem to cloud the dependent question of methods will rapidly disappear. Let it be known that men and women of skill and tact in teaching will not fail of employment, at renumerative prices, and we believe they can be had.

## OPINIONS OF OUR READERS.

ALLOW me to congratulate you upon the great improvement in appearance and plan of the SCHOOL JOURNAL; and as a further testimonial I inclose \$2.50.

N. A. CALKINS,  
Assistant Supt. of Schools, N. Y. City.

I AM greatly pleased with the SCHOOL JOURNAL and shall subscribe.

Cambridge, Wis.

It is a mistake in most educational journals to present the model they find in Normal Schools and in the graded schools of the city where a school system is perfect. In this way our rural teachers becomes discouraged. They have poor pay and they have the committee to contend with.

G. E.

"I RETURN you many thanks for the JOURNAL and send you two subscribers."

Ararat, Pa.

S. A. G.

## New York City Notes.

THE preparation of a column of "notes" demands so much time, that it will hereafter be edited by E. Duco, Jr., to whom we owe much for aid already. We ask every teacher to send to him, care of NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL, or to the editors direct, any points that may serve to make an item. These will be confidential; we, ourselves, want the names of the authors, not to use (unless directed), but as an assurance of good faith.—[EDS.]

MANY of the principals are examining their classes for promotions.

Miss BROWN (Assistant Teacher). Oh, Mr. X., I have got such news for you!

Principal (blandly). Pray be seated, Miss Brown. Well, what is the news?

Miss B.—Why you see the superintendents are at work in No.— They examined the first and second grades in spelling, and I have got a list of the words they gave out.

Principal.—(Reading). Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Milwaukee. Well, Miss B., it will be well to give your classes the names of those three cities; it may come handy.

Miss ANNA L. MADDEN, late Vice-Principal of Primary School No. 5, entered upon her duties as Principal of the Primary Department of Grammar School 15, the 4th inst. We predict for her the same eminent degree of success that attended the labors of her predecessor, Mrs. Jarvis.

COMMISSIONER VERMILYE was in his seat at the Board last Wednesday, after an absence of many months.

DEAR SCHOOL JOURNAL.—You are "dear" to me, for from the first time you showed your pleasant face to the public, I have not missed seeing you for a single week, and much I have profited by it I assure you. To be without the JOURNAL would be like being without my muff. I look for it as regularly as I do for my salary, and my patience is more tried when your printer or the postman is dilatory, than when official red-tape enforces a delay of a day or two in the payment of my "lucrative emoluments." I have often wondered at the doings of some of my associate teachers.

Mary A—neglects her class, for her head is full of light reading, drama, and the theatre. Mary B. hopes that she will soon have a "proposal" and then school cares will happily be laid aside (but she need not be too confident). Mary C. says she is tired enough after her hard day's work not to attempt to read or study. Teachers should never tire in a good work, and they should always find time to study. Some one said "You are never too old to learn," which is true.

Teachers should watch the proceedings of the higher powers—the Boards—whose acts affect not only their interests but those of the children. I hold that every teacher should know whether the trustees and inspectors are competent or not. Then, too, lazy teachers should resign at once. Laziness is generally chronic, and is considered incurable.

Perhaps you will call me a growler. All right! perhaps I am; but I can assure you that, having been long in the service, and being well acquainted with the "methods of teaching" in three schools, I can give ample proofs of the inefficiency of some of our teachers.

Now, I must tell you that I appreciate the SCHOOL JOURNAL. Without it what could the teacher know of the proceedings of the Board? How any teacher can support life without the weekly visits of your valuable paper is a problem that I cannot solve. I freely acknowledge that the SCHOOL JOURNAL raised our salaries two years ago. It was the champion of our cause, and fought nobly for us.

Finally, and I suppose the best thing I have said, I hope soon to send you some more subscribers.

HARRINGTONS.

From reading the last proceedings of the Board of Education it is apparent that Commissioner Baker, in calling for the report of the Committee on the Course of Studies, intended to push his resolution offered last May. He desires to eliminate from the common schools all studies not strictly elementary—all music (as a science), German, French, astronomy, algebra, etc. There is, undoubtedly, a large number of very thoughtful people, who would modify the present plan of public education; who, if the Board will champion this modification—not destruction—of our school system, will next bring forward the interests of the crowded primary schools. What will be done will soon be seen, as the question will come up at the next meeting. A full discussion of the subject will bring out the fact that there is growing up a strong party who would have all who pursue studies not strictly elementary pay for them—except where scholarships were founded by private or municipal bounty.

The question whether German is to be made one of the regular studies in the grammar schools will come up at the next meeting. It is quite doubtful whether this addition to a curriculum already crowded will meet with favor.

THE examination of the pupils of the Normal College began on Tuesday last.

## PRESIDENT NEILSON'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Board of Education:

While thanking you for this renewed expression of your confidence and regard, it affords me pleasure to congratulate you on the increased popularity and prosperity of our schools.

The average attendance, which in 1873 was..... 100,615  
Was in 1874..... 108,550

Showing an increase for 1874, including Twenty-  
and Twenty-fourth Wards, of ..... 7,935

Deducting the attendance of those two Wards.... 4,130

We have as the increased average attendance in the city, exclusive of the annexed district.... 3,805

The number of schools and departments now under the direct jurisdiction of this Board is 261, besides which there are several corporate schools, which receive for their support a provision from the school money. During the last year, one school, Primary No. 38 in Cedar street, and one department, Female Grammar School No. 5, have been discontinued, and six new schools have been opened—viz.: one each in the Third, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Nineteenth Wards, and two in the Seventeenth Ward, all primary schools, the one in the Thirteenth Ward and that in the Nineteenth Ward being branches of primary departments of grammar schools. The policy of closing schools in districts where, from diminished population, they are no longer needed, should be adhered to as a proper measure of economy in the administration of our trust. Three additional sites for school buildings have during the year been purchased in the Nineteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Wards. During the past year three new school buildings have been commenced and are proceeding to completion—viz.: one for Primary School No. 9, on First street, in the Seventeenth Ward; one for a grammar school on 128th street, in the Twelfth Ward, and the other for a grammar school on Fifty-fourth street, in the Twenty-second Ward.

The cost of the school system for the year 1874 was, including the support of the Eighth District, about \$3,760,000. The amount allowed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for the schools in the County of New York was \$3,752,000; to this was added an allowance of \$166,000 for the support of the schools in the newly annexed district, making a total of \$3,918,500. From this sum the Board of Education voluntarily relinquished \$150,000.

At the appointed time, during the fall, the Board of Education sent to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment an estimate of \$3,683,000 for the support of the schools, including the Eighth District, the Nautical School, and the cost of enforcing the Compulsory Education law. This Board was alive to the necessity of keeping the expenses of our schools at the lowest cost at which they could be properly conducted. The members realized that the high rate of taxation required for the support of the city government admonished every officer charged with expending the public money to be frugal and cautious, and the requisition was sent to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment marked down to the minimum figure at which it was estimated the schools could be carried on for the year. This amount asked for was finally by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment reduced to \$3,583,000. The whole amount estimated for salaries of teachers being allowed, but \$100,000 was deducted from the amount required for general purposes.

This reduction will prevent the erection and establishment of new schools in locations where they are loudly called for by increasing population; and when we consider that we have this year the Nautical School to maintain and the Compulsory Education law to enforce, it will be necessary for us to weigh well the appropriation of every dollar, using our best judgment in the disposition of the means at our disposal, endeavoring to accomplish the most desirable results with the least possible outlay.

We should earnestly call upon the trustees and teachers by the exercise of the most vigilant economy, to prevent all unnecessary expenses. Our system is composed, as has been shown, of 261 schools and departments. If, therefore, an average of \$1,000 in each of these schools and departments is saved or spent, the aggregate sum is \$261,000.

The Board of Education have in the past year wisely resisted all applications to tear down substantial buildings in order to substitute others of a newer style and fashion. Several buildings which it was urged should, at great expense, be torn down and replaced, have, at a moderate cost, been enlarged, repaired, and made in every respect all that should be desired. It is to be hoped that no departure from this precedent will hereafter be approved.

To what extent, beyond the simple elements, the State should be required to educate her children, is a question which will this year call for your serious and deliberate consideration. Where exactly we should draw the line between what shall be taught and what must be excluded deserves the most intelligent discrimination. There will be found but few to advocate the exclusion of all teaching above the rudiments, while there are many who charge that we are now going beyond the limits of common school instruction. Those who refer to the early days of our public schools, and would set back the system to the old mark, must remember that the world moves on, and that circumstances and sentiments develop and mature, and it is the duty of those having in charge a great public trust to recognize and deal with the present situation. That to some extent our scholars are required, or induced, to undertake too many studies at one time, and that in many cases they are compelled to devote, out of school, too much and too severe application to their lessons, I am inclined to believe. It may be that the instruction is not always as practical as it should be, and that frequently that which should be thoroughly and accurately taught is slighted, while the pupil is hurried into studies for which there has been no previous preparation and for which there is an insufficiency of intellectual maturity. Our first duty is to provide plain and practical instruction to be imparted by teachers who understand their work, and who are experts in that which they undertake to teach. About this there can be no dispute. The foundation must be substantially laid. How high and how aesthetically we shall build is open to discussion by those who differ widely in their views.

Since the Board of Education received the schools from the Board of Public Instruction they have revised the course of study, striking from it much that was pretentious, with which it was embarrassed, and engraving upon it much that is thoroughly utilitarian. Something more may yet remain to be done in the same direction, in order to render it so simple and practical that our scholars may be taught only that which it is important they should learn, instead of being encouraged to reach after that which they cannot grasp. It is worthy of inquiry whether we are not teaching too much by rote, and whether the instruction would not be more efficient and some expense saved by reducing the number and variety of text books in use in our schools. In previous communications to the Board of Education I have recommended a change in the arrangements of some of our schools so as more completely to adapt them to the wants of the neighborhoods in which they are located. To this suggestion I would again invite your attention.

We are maintaining schools as grammar schools which would better thrive and accomplish a more useful work, and do it more economically as a higher grade of primary schools with all the departments in the building consolidated into one school, graded from the lowest primary class up through as many grammar school grades as there are scholars sufficient to form the classes.

The complaint is made that the mere administration of our schools involves too great expense, that a principal to each department is not needed, and that harmony would be promoted by having but one principal in a building. While I am unwilling prematurely to commit myself to such a policy, I recommend that the experiment be tried whenever a vacancy shall occur in the principaship of primary department in a building exclusively occupied by one sex; in which case the principal of the grammar department might be placed temporarily also over the primary department.

The Normal College, since its reassembling in September, shows a very gratifying increase in the number of pupils. The changes made last year in the course of study, as it was received from our predecessors, have removed difficulties which before existed. Some further modifications in its arrangements will add to its popularity, and make it conform to the purpose for which it was established.

I trust that this year may be allowed to pass without any disturbance of teachers' salaries or agitation of the question. It is generally conceded by the members of this Board and by citizens out of it, that the salaries which we are paying our teachers are not too high, and as we shall not have the means, even if so disposed, to increase salaries, no good can arise from the discussion of the question. Teachers are alarmed and made nervous by propositions to interfere with their fixed compensation, are unsettled in their plans and calculations for the future, and to a degree unfitted for the performance of their duties. I would have them feel assured that while they are capable and faithful to their trust, their salaries shall not be reduced.

On the first day of this year the law commonly known as the "Compulsory Education law" went into effect. This Board has passed an ordinance in conformity therewith, which may require some slight modification before receiving the approval of a judge of the Supreme Court, which there is no doubt it will promptly obtain, and the ordinance will then immediately go into operation.

The Board has resolved that during the present month a superintendent and eight subordinate agents of truancy shall be appointed to carry out the provisions of this law. That a great moral effect has already been produced by the action taken is evidenced by the application for admission to our schools from children who have heretofore neglected to attend school, and who would under the law be subject to the compulsion, and their parents liable to the penalty. While the law should and will be enforced, as far as practicable, this Board will keep prominently in view its beneficent character, and will instruct its agents to use their authority with gentleness and discretion, seeking rather to win by argument and persuasion than to drive by force. We should earnestly ask the aid of all benevolent citizens in carrying out this law, exerting, where they can, such an influence over parents as may induce them to send voluntarily their children to be properly instructed, and supplementing our efforts, in cases of poverty, by providing suitable school garments for those who could not otherwise procure them, and assisting families dependent for support upon the employment of the children, enabling those children to be more easily spared from their daily toil. Let us call upon all good citizens to give us in every way their moral and material co-operation in this delicate onerous and important work.

The Nautical School, placed by the law under the charge of this Board, is now prepared to commence the work of "educating and training pupils in the science and practice of navigation." The United States ship *St. Marys*, lying in the East River, at the foot of Twenty-third street, is receiving on board such lads of good character as shall have passed the required examination. This school must not be regarded in any respect as a reformatory institution. It has for its object the preparation of young men of unquestionable character, for service in our commercial marine. No young man will be received as a pupil who cannot bring evidence of antecedent good character. It is hoped that the greatest commercial city in the Western Hemisphere, whose future greatness and glory must depend upon her commerce, will cheerfully encourage an enterprise so directly for the advancement of her peculiar interest, and that the good results from this school will be so marked that its usefulness will be extended by enlarged accommodations for an increased attendance upon its instruction and training.

The matter of the school building in the Twenty-fourth Ward, which, since the annexation of the Westchester district, has been in dispute and litigation, was early in this month finally settled, the city having paid the judgment, and received the property. It is now proper, that, without prejudice, the building, its location and surroundings, be carefully examined to ascertain whether it can be made safe and suitable for occupation by our teachers and children.

The Board of Education will be held by the people to a strict account for the proper management of the school system, and it will not be possible to shift any portion of the responsibility upon other bodies or individuals. Clothed by statute with "full control of the public schools and public school system" of this city, it must see that nothing good fails and no evil prevails through its neglect or hesitation to act. While the trustees have their designated functions and duties, their acts are subject to revision by this Board, and themselves removable by it for cause; therefore, if any wrong in our schools is tolerated, the charge will be justly made that the Board of Education is remiss in the performance of its duty.

Under such rules and regulations as the Board of Education may prescribe, the trustees are empowered to appoint the subordinate teachers for the schools in their respective Wards, while upon the Board of Education devolves the duty of appointing principals and vice-principals for all the schools. The Board of Trustees have, indeed, during twenty days, the privilege of nominating, suggesting the names of candidates, or expressing a preference for the persons to fill the vacancies, but after the expiration of twenty days the power to appoint is absolute with this Board. Where the power is lodged there rests the responsibility for the proper exercise of the power judiciously, impartially, firmly. Any delicacy which admits that the local Boards have the right to dictate appointments of principals or vice-principals, nullifies the law which has for a wise purpose placed the authority in the Board of Education. In making these appointments Ward lines should not be regarded. The person best qualified for the position and taking all the schools of the city as parts of one great system, most entitled from seniority to promotion, should be appointed. By no other course shall we preserve the unity of the system, place our schools under the best management, and encourage the *esprit de corps* of our teachers.

We have now, gentlemen, fairly entered upon the new year. Some of you found that the labor and care of the past year engrossed much of your time and thoughts; the present year, with its increased obligations, we shall probably find still more exacting in its demands, but the importance of the work will reconcile you to the labor and sacrifices. When we meet to consult, deliberate and decide upon matters which will come before us, our opinions as to the policy to be pursued and our appreciation of those who are employed to do the work may widely differ. In advance I ask from those whose views I may not be able to adopt, that same charity in judgment which I shall cheerfully accord to them, and in the discharge of the duties of the office which has been your gift, I bespeak your support and forbearance, without which I shall be powerless to perform its functions. Trusting that whatever may be our differences of judgment and our honest conclusions, our mutual confidence and friendly relations will not be impaired, and asking for each one of you from the others on the floor the same forbearance and consideration I crave for myself, I now invite you to proceed to the business of the year.

## Intelligence Department.

The material of this department are mainly obtained from our correspondents, but we also extract from our exchanges, which include the best educational and literary newspapers and magazines.

ASHLEY, Luzerne Co., Pa., has a new school edifice. A correspondent says:-

"This grand educational building is fifty-four feet wide by seventy feet deep. We use the word grand in writing of the building, because it has that appearance of durability, size, beauty and convenience, far beyond what might be expected for the money expended. It is, including the basement, which is mostly above ground, four stories high, and is divided into twelve school-rooms and a large lecture or exhibition hall. The front of basement is finished for two schools, and in the rear portion are the furnaces. In the first story are four fine school-rooms; also four in the second, and in the third or upper story there are two and the chapel or lecture room, which, when necessary, can, by the use of large sliding doors, be thrown into one."

"The school-rooms are finished off with chestnut and ash variegated, and are furnished with convenient seats and desks, which give the appearance of strength and service."

"These rooms are capable of accommodating eighty pupils each, and twelve hundred persons can be comfortably seated, without crowding any portion of the building."

"The building had cost about \$15,000, and the furniture and fixtures about \$2,000."

"The people of Ashley have cause to be proud of this noble achievement, this monument of intelligence and energy."

"Mr. Jabez C. Mullison, a young man of much promise, has been selected as principal, and ere long the school will open with a corps of six or eight teachers."

"The institution is starting out under favorable auspices and it is about certain that its future is to be glorious."

LOGAN COUNTY, Ind.—Teachers' Institute was held at West Liberty, Ind. The institute was called to order by President Williamson, of Bellefontaine. The session was opened with prayer by Prof. Ormsby, of Xenia, Ohio.—The first business of the institute was the enrollment of the teachers, ninety-three being present. The first lecture was given by Prof. Ormsby, subject "Grammar." The only fault which could be found with this lecture was, its shortness. On this subject, which is usually considered dry and interesting, the Professor held his audience attentive and interested to the end, and when he had finished, all wished he might have been allotted more time. A lecture on Education was given by Rev. Williamson, which was delivered in such a masterly manner that it created a deeper interest in the topic under discussion. At the evening session, Prof. Snyder delivered a lecture on "Incentives." The first day's session closed with a reunion of the teachers and a general social. The second day's session included addresses by Prof. Wright on "County Superintendency," Prof. Stenger on "Secular Schools," and Prof. Snyder on "City and County Schools."

### MISSOURI.

THE Christian County Institute will be held Jan. 25, in Springfield. The teachers are Prof. J. A. Lewis and O. S. Reed.

### THE UNEDUCATED IN ITALY.

THE poor wear no shoes, but a simple sole of hide bound to the foot, the ancient tunic of the Roman slave, the long, rough sack (saraga) is still in use, the belt round the waist and the cone cap complete the clothing of the ciociaro. At two or three in the morning he rises and descends from the city to labor on the plain, where fever comes with the dew at morn and eve. When hunger is felt a large stone is heated in the crackling wood, and flour of Indian corn, mixed with salt and water, is converted into something which has the appearance of oil cake. Water from the brook and unripe beans make up at this season the cotter's meal. He measured distances by the time it takes to travel them, and the hour of the day by its nearness to dawn, noon, or eve, by the morning masses or the Ave Maria.

The year has for its landmarks the great feasts of the church. Some do not know how old they are, or how long they have been married, and often when they think they do, they answer the question by saying they have four or five tens. In fact I have been told by a gaoler that many cannot count more than ten. Those who are raised above the level I refer to are the victims of their own ignorance in a thousand ways; they sell when they ought to keep, sell the corn often when in the ear, borrow money at fabulous rates of interest, and sign contracts which induce them to something like slavery. The women are no better off. Brought up in houses which resemble kennels, in a circle which reeks with superstition, and rings with blasphemy, of which you have little idea, she is accustomed to labor, washing up to her knees in the valley brook, carry the great conchs of water from the stream, the corn from the field, the sack to the mill. Often, in the winter, these poor women live on the roots of grass, or the leaves of trees; many never see bread in their houses for months together, thousands have sold their children to the slave owners of London and New York, who live on the blood and bones of the little organ-grinder. One feels all the more interest in these people because of its latent power and dormant faculties. Instead of a population which is the condemnation of Vatican crime, this region, well cultivated, this people educated and civilized, might have been the Paradise of Italy. Physically the type is the finest. The men sit for painters in Rome as models, not only for all the heroes of classical antiquity, but for the prophets and apostles, angels and archangels of Papal churches. The women are worshipped in the Madonnas of the greatest painters, and in their extraordinary strength, splendid forms, complexion alive with richest coloring, and eyes glowing with wild fire, one recognizes the justice of their selection.

## Book Notices.

**BOOK-KEEPING SIMPLIFIED.** The double-entry system, briefly, clearly and concisely explained, by D. B. Waggener, 75 cents. D. B. Waggener, Philadelphia.

This is a very neat little book, and is intended for those who are deterred from book-keeping as a study, because of the voluminousness of most of the treatises extant. We think it good as far as it goes, but do not think there are enough examples. We believe in much practice. The rules annexed are clear and good.

*Lippincott's Magazine* for January begins a new volume, and is a fine number, whether considered from a typographical, pictorial, or literary stand-point. "The New Hyperion," by Edward Strahan, is continued, and grows in interest, as is also the case with "Malcolm," by George Macdonald, and "Three Feathers," by William Black. The other articles are: "Following the Tiber," Part One, an illustrated paper; "The Paradox," by Charlotte F. Bates; "A Night at Cockhoole Castle," by the author of "Blindpits;" "The Leaden Arrow," by Edward F. Brace; "Two Mirrors," by F. A. Hillard; "The Stage in Italy," by R. Davey; "On the Via San Basilio," by Earl Marble; "The Parsees," by Fannie R. Feudge; and a fine "Christmas Hymn," by T. Buchanan Read.

We are always pleased to see this magazine, because it is one of its own kind, natural, original and well edited. It maintains its rank among the first magazines of our country.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.** The second weekly number of the new volume of *The Living Age*, bearing date, January 9th, contains an important article by Prof. T. H. Huxley, on the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata, and its History, from the *Fortnightly Review*. The name number also has part II of Saxon Studies, by Julian Hawthorne; "Alice Lorraine," by R. G. Blackmore, author of that remarkable story "The Maid of Sker;" the conclusion of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," and other instructive and entertaining reading. It is a valuable number, and the present is a good time to subscribe, beginning with the new year. With fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (aggregating over 3000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; or still better, for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both post-paid. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

**VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1875.** Published quarterly by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Price, 25 cents a year.

Before us lies the annual catalogue of James Vick, Rochester, Florist. The very outside tempts us within the covers. Every lover of flowers will turn these pages with delight. The beautiful wood cuts, executed by skillful hands, the clear type, the fine paper, shows the exquisite taste that finds its fountain head in flowers. Looking over the list of annuals, we were surprised to find so large a number of recently introduced bloomers. When our young hands gathered from grandma's flower-bed, a long narrow strip on the edge of the kitchen garden, a handful of beauties—Four o'clock, marigold, poppy, hollyhock, canterbury bells, and coreopsis—we did not dream of argemone, sweet allysum, asperula, portulaca, candy tuft, etc. We find in these pages that we are largely indebted to California for these new varieties.

And we have here, too, a brief guide for cultivation of each plant. All the information at amateur flower growers need, is here condensed, and rendered so attractive that, although January winds whistle about us, our garden plot for the brief hour buds and blossoms beneath our eyes.

What save the flowers themselves can warm and thrill us as can this prince of floral guides beside the winter fire. Oh, haster gentle spring, with soft breezes to unlock the ice.

bound earth, that we may try our skill with these new beauties!

Mr. Vick does not ignore the vegetable department. The best varieties that cover our tables are treated of here. No one has any excuse in serving poor vegetables with this catalogue at hand, or for producing inferior specimens with these able directions for culture. Seeds, plants, even tools are sent by mail to all parts of the country.

**ORIENTAL EXPERIENCES.** The San Francisco *Alta* published interesting extracts from private letters received from a gentleman connected with the Watson transit of Venus party. One of these, dated Peking, China, Oct. 30, says:

"My last closed with the information that we were going to the great wall on the next morning. Since then we have been there, and have returned, and are now estimating how much we would charge to go through the same thing over again. Seven A. M. Friday, the 23d ult., was fixed as the time for our start. Our procession consisted of nine carts—one apiece for ourselves and two servants. These carts I hinted about in my last—we became better acquainted with them on this trip. They are covered affairs, with a rounded top, furnished with two heavy wheels, and springless. The donkey is harnessed well back in the shafts, his tail almost touching a little protruding sill, on which the driver sits, and where you also take refuge when you can no longer stand the bumps inside. Inside these carts we packed our bedding—a hair mattress—one filled with cotton-batting, a coverlet filled with the same—and then ourselves. We had not gone a hundred yards before, the cart giving a lurch, I gave my head a fearful bump against the side, and, thus admonished, crept out of my hole and dangled my legs over the shafts. I finally got used to it, so that I could stand it inside, except in the roughest places, but the other was most comfortable. Our first stopping place was about a mile outside the north wall of the city, at a Brahmin temple, which contains a large marble monument to the Holy Llama, some 40 feet high. The base is octagonal, bearing raised carvings representing the life of their deity. He was born from a tree, and after attaining man's estate fell sick and retired to the wilderness, where he passed his time in a cross-legged position, besieged by wild beasts and demons, and tempted by flattery and gifts. He finally dies, his death bed being surrounded by weeping friends and dogs. From his coffin he is represented as rising to the clouds, and the last represents him in his exalted state sitting, still cross-legged on a white elephant, which has the unstable foundation of the clouds to stand on.

A mile or so to the west brought us to the great bell, 144 feet high and 11 feet across. The entire exterior and interior of this bell are covered with Chinese characters, which are cast with a remarkable sharpness. I send you some Autumn (vine) leaves which grow here, and at the summer garden of the Emperor, which was the next place we visited. These gardens were destroyed by the bombardment of the English and French, as you know; and although it seemed to us a piece of vandalism, it doubtless saved many lives, as Pekin is in full sight, and the inhabitants, terrified at such treatment of what they considered almost holy, yielded without resistance. And but for this vandalism we would never have obtained entrance. I cannot describe the scene. Imagine a beautiful sheet of water, several miles long, covered with the lotus flower, and surrounded by odd bridges and summer houses, then a hill thickly wooded, topped with a handsome building, and surrounded by numerous small ones, and approached by a series of steps on steps leading down to the marble boat-landing. Then imagine all except the highest building desolated by fire, which was so intense as to pull off in huge flakes the marble from the guarding lions at the entrance, and to calcine into a shapeless mass the memorial tablet-bearing turtles. Imagine the ruins of something beautiful beyond description, and you will have formed some idea of his Celestial Majesty's summer gardens. Their value before being destroyed is estimated at \$50,000,000. Everything is left as the fire left it; the Chinese cannot afford to restore them. There is no change except where later vandals have broken off pieces of that which was still left entire. The steps and grounds are entirely cumbered with the glazed tiles and bricks which formed the roofs and balustrades. I have one of the tiles; a brick was too much for me.

We slept that night in a temple, the next day we traveled in a rain-storm to the mouth of Nankow Pass; the next day went up the Pass to the Great Wall, and after taking some views returned. The temperature was 39° and snow all around. On Monday we visited the Ming Tomb, where is the avenue of

gigantic marble animals, and slept that night in a Chinese inn, as usual, with a lot of donkeys, mules, chickens, dogs, and smaller and more lively animals, and the next afternoon arrived in Peking.

**TRINITY CHURCH.** Over the main portal of Trinity Church, an ancient marble tablet records that the first sanctuary on this site, consecrated "Deo Orbis Mundi," was founded in 1696. Originally, it was a small, square edifice, built by the voluntary contributions of some persons, and chiefly encouraged, and promoted by the bounty of Governor Benjamin Fletcher. It was further enlarged and adorned in 1737, and a historian of that day writes thus: "It stands very pleasantly upon the banks of Hudson's River, and has a large cemetery on each side. Before it, a long walk is raised from the Broadway, the pleasantest street of any in the whole town." This early edifice was entirely destroyed in the great conflagration of the city, September 21, 1776, and it was not until 1788, that a new church was erected on its site. In 1839 this was removed, and in 1846 the present ornate Gothic building was completed, covering the ground once occupied by the several structures preceding.

**MR. TYLER,** in his "Primitive Culture," thus applies to the children's "Song of Sixpence," the law of the interpretation of myths; Obviously, the four and twenty blackbirds are four and twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth, covered with the overarching sky: how true a touch of nature it is, that when the pie is opened—that is, when the day breaks—the birds begin to sing! The king is the sun, and his counting out his money, is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey, the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-figured dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. The blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snapping off her nose is the hour of sunrise.

**NEW LIGHTHOUSES.** A Baltimore firm, under contract with the government gave in course of construction two lighthouses, one of which is destined for Hunting Island, and the other for Morris Island, South Carolina. The one for Hunting Island is entirely of cast iron, and is 136 feet high, and 27 feet in diameter. The one for Morris Island will be 150 feet high; the lantern brackets, the gallery, and the lantern are of cast iron, the tower being of brick. The roofs of both the lighthouses are of copper, and each is to be supplied with a spiral stairway.

**ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS.** An interesting account of the manufacture of ornamental feathers, an industry which employs about 240 working women and apprentices in Vienna, is given, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the "Translations of Official Austrian Reports on the Universal Exhibition" in that city last year. The coloring is done by men, the other processes mostly by women. African ostrich feathers are most usually manufactured. These are white, black, gray, and dappled, and are classified according to quality, as "prima," "secunda," &c. Other feathers frequently worked are those of the white heron, bird of paradise, and marabou (there are genuine marabou feathers and false). The white prima ostrich feather is the finest of all. The feather is cleaned first by a cold soap bath, well washed twice or thrice, and then put into warm soap baths, afterward well washed in cold water, then blued a little, pressed and swung to and fro in the air until the hairs have spread and the feather is quite dry. Next, with a small, sharp knife the strong rib at the back is cut away. The feather loses its stiffness, and acquires pliability. With small feathers this is obtained by scraping the rib with glass. Then the hairs on each side of the rib are made to curl in, with a blunt knife, and the requisite uniformity of shape is given them by combing them over a slightly warmed iron. Next, in order to hide the rib, the workman, with a blunt knife twists here and there some hairs of the feather spirally over the rib until it is completely concealed by them. The feather is then threaded with a wire, folded in paper, and so completed. The same process is followed with gray and black ostrich feathers, except that the gray are generally and the black always colored. White feathers are only colorod for some particular fashion of color, as blue, rose, violet, &c. If the hair on a feather is not dense enough, or the feather is defective, then two or three feathers are sewn together and curled.

In cases of great national disaster the amount of money contributed for relief is almost always greater than the need. There is left of the Boston fire fund \$55,000, which has been invested to meet any similar emergency in the future.

**ON BELLS.** The number of changes that can be rung on a peal of bells is almost incredible. It would take 91 years to ring the changes upon 12 bells at the rate of two strokes to a second; the changes upon 14 could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years, and upon four-and-twenty they would require more than 117,000 billions of years.

In 1796 the Westmorland youths rang a complete chorus of 5,040 peals—called by the mysterious name of grandair triples—in three hours and twenty minutes. This was considered a gigantic performance, but it was fairly eclipsed by the men of Kidderminster, who rang the changes in three hours and 14 minutes—a feat which seems incredible comprising as it does 1,267,453 separate strokes of rings. Truly there were giants in the land in those days.

But the bell-ringng of England, however scientifically and powerfully performed is a mere meaningless jingle compared to the beautiful carillons of the Continent; indeed, the art as practiced in England belongs peculiar to us, the Continental bells being almost invariably played by keys.

At Amsterdam, about the year 1800 was born one Franz Hemony, who may safely be styled the very king of bell-founding, since he it was who wrought the colossal peals of Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Utrecht, &c. His name is frequently found inscribed on the Holland bells. These bells are gigantic musical notes. At Utrecht there are 42; at Antwerp over 100. The general number is from 30 to 60, but in the Tower of Les Halles, at Bruges, is the finest carillon in the Low Countries—perhaps in the world. It was on these bells, "low and loud, and sweetly blended," that Longfellow wrote his carillon as he lay.

"In Bruges, at the Fleur de Ble,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that through the night  
Ring, their changes from the belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city."

**HOW TO MAKE MISCHIEF.** Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it was said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

If after all your watchful care you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, yes may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them. Throw out hints that they are no better than they should be; that you should not wonder if the people found out what they were after a little, while then they may not hold their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one else may take the hint, and begin to help you along after awhile; then there will be music and everything will work with a charm.

## ODDS &amp; ENDS.

The following sentence of only 34 letters contains all the letters in the alphabet; John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

ARE blacksmiths, who are making a living by forging, or carpenters, who do a little corner-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

THE proper way for a lady to direct a letter this winter is to run the direction from corner to corner, scatter three one-cent stamps over the envelope, and write "important" on any vacant space left.

SOMEbody has written a book entitled "What Shall My Son Be?" Upon which some one else frankly replies: "If the boy is as bad as the book, the chances are that he will be hanged."

THE Oregon legislature has passed a bill enabling any person who loses money at gambling to recover double the amount so lost, and the result is that professional poker-players deal the worst possible hands to themselves and four aces to their opponents.

# THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE.

## PRICE LIST.

Sizes.	Price per Dozen.	Dozen in Cases.	Price per Case.
5 x 7	\$1.88	18	\$3.75
6 x 9	2.63	12	31.50
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8 x 12	3.63	8	29.00

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Sizes	5x7	6x9	6½x10	7x11	8x13	per Case.
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Both parents and children pronounce the Emack Pencil Holding Slate, the very best slate in use. The children admire it for its NOVELTY AND BEAUTY, and the parents for ITS UTILITY.

The frames are made from the VERY BEST SELECTED CHERRY LUMBER, and the slate is from the FINEST QUARRY IN THE UNITED STATES. A hole is bored lengthwise in the frame, sufficiently long enough to carry any ordinary slate pencil. The cap at the corner (see cut) is of lacquered brass, and holds a slide that covers the hole, thus preventing the pencil from being lost or broken. Every slate contains a handsome pencil. The saving in slate pencils alone will pay for the slate in one week, and at the same time obviates the necessity of carrying the pencil in the pocket, a practice with children both inconvenient and dangerous. It does not get out of order or scratch the desk.

This slate has been in the market in a limited way for about two years, but as the demand has always been greater than the supply, I have never called the attention of the general trade to it. I have now three factories making them, and can fill orders promptly. Discount furnished on application.

Electrotype of cut will be supplied to parties wishing to use it in circulars or catalogues.

JOHN D. EMACK,

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114 William Street, N. Y.

EACH SLATE CONTAINS  
A PENCIL.

Pat. February 15 - 1871

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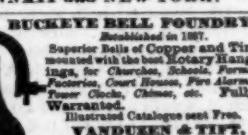
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## TEACHER'S PAY.

THE compensation of teachers in the United States ranges from the amount paid to an office boy to that paid to a clerk, and the majority of teachers come under the former comparison rather than the latter. We do not compare the wages of teachers with those of hod carriers and day laborers, because not even a respectable minority of teachers enjoy such generous compensation as do the industrious gentlemen with whom we would compare them. The average pay of the teachers of the State of New York is a little less than two dollars per working day, and to make even this average is required the salaries of three or four hundred principals and instructors who get from two to five thousand each per year. In Pennsylvania the pay averages about ten per cent. less than in New York; in Massachusetts the average is a little better, perhaps because of the greater proportion of high priced principals. If two dollars a day is the highest average that can be reached, no one will wonder at finding that less than one dollar per working day is the sum which some of our citizens consider fair pay for the instructors of their children.

Such being the pay, what is the work? We venture to say that not more than one teacher in a hundred attempts to do anything but listen to recitations, and impose penalties and punishments when the recitations are imperfectly given. Education in its full sense, and as it lies within our power to give to our children, is but slightly attempted in our schools. We pay people to cram the memories of our children; but there we stop. If the teacher chooses to do more, we may be pleased to allow the experiment to be made, but people who have attempted to improve the grade of a school will remember how the enthusiasm which greeted the abstract idea gave way to suspicious conservatism when it became evident that the pocket was to be appealed to.

Our schools may be made far better than they now are, and suggestions as to the methods to be employed are constantly being given by people in whom the public have confidence. We are told what might be done, and are informed of many things that are undone. We admit that youth is the formative period of life, and we know, by observation of brilliant graduates who have failed in life, that memory is not of itself a formative means of sufficient power. But who is to carry out the admirable schemes of education which are suggested? Our dollar-a-day teachers cannot be expected to do it, for those of them who have the requisite ability are fitting themselves for some art or profession where their abilities will receive pecuniary recognition. A teacher such as children deserve generally has ability to shine as a lawyer, business manager or minister; and if he has energy and a decent desire to provide for his family, he will abandon his profession at the first possible opportunity. That such is the case, and always has been, will be speedily believed by anyone whose duty it is to find a capable principal for a school. And what inducement is offered to younger men and women to qualify themselves to teach? We believe we do not exaggerate when we say that so far from its being a promising commercial venture the prospect of a teacher has in it as little material compensation as that of a missionary, with less of that human appreciation which is so dear to the preacher of the Word among the heathen.

There is only one remedy, and that is money. For as good pay as a confidential business manager receives, men may be found to properly superintend a large school, and for the pay of the different grades of capable clerks, the superintendent may obtain competent assistants. A sum like that which farmers pay to the manager of a training school for horses would induce an intelligent person to manage as many children as his neighbor the horse trainer O'Leary.

manages of animals. If we give even as much money to those who build the characters of our children as we do to those who lay one brick upon another in building our houses, we may be able to make the profession of teaching a more inviting one. But while teachers' pay remains as it is, we may expect the teacher's desk to be what, as a rule, it is, an asylum for mental laborers who have failed elsewhere, and a temporary makeshift for people of brighter wits.

## IS IT TRUE OF YOU?

CHARLES SUMNER said of Justice Story: "Besides learning unsurpassed in his profession, he displayed other qualities not less important in the character of a teacher—goodness, benevolence, and a willingness to teach. Only a good man can be a teacher, only a benevolent man, only a man willing to teach. He sought to mingle his mind with that of his pupil. He held it a blessed office to pour into the souls of the young, as into celestial urns, the fruitful water of knowledge." \* \* \* \* He well knew that the knowledge imparted is trivial, compared with that awakening of the soul under the influence of which the pupil himself becomes a teacher. All of knowledge we can communicate is finite; a few chapters, a few volumes will embrace it. But such an influence is of incalculable power; it is the breath of a new life; it is another soul. In Story the spirit spoke, not with the voice of an earthly calling, but with the gentleness and self-forgetful earnestness of one pleading in behalf of justice, of knowledge, of human happiness. His well-loved pupils hung upon his lips, and as they left his presence, confessed a more exalted reverence for virtue, and a warmer love for its own sake."

We commend to our readers, and to teachers particularly, the careful study of the above quotation. Indeed, were we disposed to sermonize, we would like to take it as a text, and if properly used we believe by it we could produce a general *revival* among the profession. Think of it teachers, "Learning unsurpassed in his profession." How many aspire to this? How many are content, not with the *maximum*, but with the minimum qualification required by law. How many are Third Class that would be anything more, were it not for the necessities of the law?

"Goodness, benevolence, and a willingness to teach. We have italicised the words *willingness to teach*. We think even *goodness* and *benevolence* can be found in some cases, where the "*willingness to teach*" is wanting. Is it not true that many teach reluctantly—that the little they do is done with a struggle—and that conscience is often smothered to allow indifference to be gratified? "Willingness to teach," give us that in some of our public schools, even with the present literary attainments of many teachers, and we would work wonders. Instead of the lethargy now so apparent both in scholars and teachers, there would be a mental quickening—a *revival* that would be marvelous. What now appears to be *dull, inert* matter, would be found to be that subtlest of all thing—MIND. Where now we see the vacant stare, we would have the kindling glance and intelligence—beaming eye. "Willingness to teach"—"Jew, I thank thee for that word."

"He sought to mingle his mind with that of his pupil—to pour into the souls of the young, as into celestial urns the fruitful water of knowledge." That is teaching *par excellence*. No book work about that. No cramming or rote work. It was mind mingled with mind. It was the cultivated intellect unsurpassed in his profession for learning, coming into contact with the expanding active minds of his pupils, imparting to them its own magnetism and fire. Do you think such a man would be found standing before his class with a book, teaching any definitions in grammar, or listening to verbatim recitations of whole pages of English history? Not at all. There could be no mingling of mind with mind in such exercises—hence its absurdity. Teachers! think of the idea, "mingling mind, with mind." How much like the answer given by a famous painter to one of his pupils who asked him, "If I may be so bold Sir, your colors surpass all others known to me, pray with what do you mingle them?" "With brains," was the expressive reply.

But we do not purpose to comment upon the whole passage; commit it to memory. Think of it in your waking hours, and we will guarantee you greater success, and greater usefulness, the more you practice the method adopted by the talented Judge Story.—*Ontario Teacher.*

FATHER O'LEARY and Curran were cracking their jokes at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good Father, saying: "I wish, Father, that you had the keys of heaven." "Why, Curran?" asked the divine. "Because you could then let me in," said the facetious counsellor. "It would be better for you, Curran, that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out," replied Father O'Leary.

## Notes and Comments.

AT the meeting of the State Board of Education of California, in January, Cornell's Geographies were adopted for exclusive use in public schools of that State, for four years from July 1, 1875.

THE officers of the St. Peter's Literary Association, of which Rev. Father Fransioff is President, have invited Thomas W. Field, Esq., Superintendent of Public Schools, to deliver the February address before the Association. Mr. Field's success as a writer and lecturer is already established, and the coming effort will doubtless be one of his best.

THE people of a certain town in Kansas, the Leavenworth *Times* says, are in trouble about a schoolmaster hired without sufficient precaution. It being discovered that he spells "soldier" "sodger" and "kerosene" "cerosene," and that he has many other bold opinions concerning orthography, the school committee have requested him to leave. But he refuses. They fastened the school door. He breaks it open and "keeps school" in spite of them. They have asked him to go, begged him to go, prayed him to go, ordered him to go, offered him money to go, but he still keeps on teaching that "sodger" spells "soldier." All but fifteen pupils have been taken out of the school; but if there were no pupils at all, it is believed, he wouldn't go.

THE tenth commencement of the New York State Normal and Training School took place at Cortland, New York, on the 26th inst. Two gentlemen and eleven lady graduates. A reception was given by Mr. Norman Chamberlain. We tender our thanks for an invitation to attend exercises where so accomplished a teacher as Prof. Hoose will preside.

THE following letter was put in our hands the other day by a principal; we also print a portion of his reply:

New York, Jan. 14th, 1875.

Principal G. S. No. —

DEAR SIR: I am very sorry to hear that my boy gives you so much trouble in school. I did not know that you had sent him home with a letter, stating his many offenses till to-day, when your second letter came to hand. He had concealed the first; and was playing truant; I thought he was at school as usual. I can't do anything with him during school hours. I want you to punish him and make him obey the rules of school. The Christian Brothers are very anxious to have me send him to their school; but he has attended your school since he was five years old, and I don't like to make any change. If you cannot govern him, I will send him to the Brothers and they will make him obey their rules. Excuse me for not coming to see you; as my business will not permit it. I work from 5 A. M. till 10 P. M. Yours, truly,

PATRICK D. —

REPLY.

I am forbidden by the Board of Education to inflict corporal punishment. Had it not been so, you would not have been troubled with that complaint. I feel sure that I could secure obedience and orderly conduct from this boy, provided I had the power to punish him, and others like him, for disobedience and disorder. Every principal in the city knows this; every superintendent knows it; they have said so to the Board of Education time after time. And yet, we are restrained by a law of the Board from doing what common sense and the common law declare we have the right to do, i.e., adopt any, and all means for the discipline and government of our pupils, which their parents may, by right, adopt. Not only that, more than half of the Board of Education are of the same opinion. I receive letters similar to yours daily. Every day some hard-working father, some tired mother, or poor widow comes to me and says, "I cannot leave my business because my boy is bad in school; it is your business to attend to him there. If he is bad, whip him!" The mother pleads her household cares as good reason why she cannot visit the school to assist in governing her unruly boy, and implores me to punish him if I think it necessary. Or she sends a message saying she is sick, or washing, or cannot leave the baby. Hardest of all to bear is the pleading of some poor widow, who says, "Oh, sir, my boy will not mind me! I can't do anything with him. You are a strong man; you can force him to behave himself. It is all I can do to keep him in school part of the time, for he *will* play truant. I cannot whip him; he is stronger than I. If you expel him for truancy and disorder he *will* only laugh; that is just what he wants; he wants to be a loafer in the streets. If you do not keep him, he will grow up in ignorance and wickedness. Oh, please sir, help me to prevent this!" And so it goes on from day to day. One half of the teacher's time is taken up by the disorderly boys in the class; half her instruction is lost to the whole class. Half my time is occupied in writing letters to parents, asking them to do what I can, could, would and should do in one tenth part of the time—if my hands were not tied by a little by-law of the Board of Education that reads thus: "No corporal punishment of any description shall hereafter be inflicted in any of the common schools. This has been the rule for several years, and the mischief it has wrought in the schools is simply incalculable. It originated with the late Board of Public Instruction; and all the gentlemen who once constituted that honorable body, will not live long enough to do good sufficient to counterbalance the evil, that this pernicious by-law inflicts yearly on the rising generation. That God, in his infinite mercy, may give all the members of the present Board of Education wisdom enough to realize this, is the earnest and hopeful prayer of Yours, truly,

PRINCIPAL.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.  
January 1st, 1875.

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## ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and Trust Company.....	\$180,258 08
Cash in Company's Office.....	371 00
Bonds and Mortgages.....	2,874,407 19
New York City, County and State Securities.....	527,101 67
Brooklyn Securities.....	203,370 45
Loans on Policies actually in force.....	199,208 42
U. S. Bonds.....	120,409 62
Temporary Loans on U. S. Bonds, &c.....	80,127 48
Agents' Balances Secured.....	10,000 94
Deferred Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums, \$115,570.09, less 10 per cent. margin for cost of collection.....	104,021 19
Premiums in Course of Collection, \$4,439 80, less 10 per cent. margin for cost of collection.....	37,955 82
Interest Accrued.....	44,888 12
Excess of Market Value of Securities over cost.....	34,973 25
Real Estate.....	7,119 50
	<b>\$4,422,636 68</b>

## LIABILITIES.

Re-Insurance Reserve, 4 per cent. actuaries' table.....	\$3,504,875 00
Dividend Additions, 4 per cent. actuaries' reserve.....	229,123 00
Claims in Course of Settlement.....	105,120 00
Premiums due in 1875 and future years, paid in advance.....	9,252 00
Reserve on Policies lapsed and liable for surrender and restoration.....	15,762 00
	<b>\$3,864,132 06</b>

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TEACHERS should not forget to call on James L. Hastie, No. 1235 Broadway. He has a large stock of American, French and English writing papers, also, a large circulating library.

AN old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went to Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

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THE lazy school-boy who spelled Andrew Jackson "Jru Jaxon" has been equaled by a student who wished to mark a half dozen new shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," and the rest "do."

WHEN a Connecticut deacon nudged a somnolent worshiper with the contribution box, the sleepy individual awoke partially, smiled, murmured, "I don't smoke!" and then dropped off again.

SAYS a Wisconsin editor: "A young poetess sends in a contribution entitled, 'Let us Love.' We will do our best, but we have been married over four years now, and are a little out of practice."

A SENIOR, after spending two hours over Geology—"I think it was just as foolish to try and classify these confounded Brachipods according to the length of beaks and size of mouth as it would be to—to—to divide the human family according to the size of their ears, or noses or mouths."

PROF. STEARNS preached to the Freshmen of Amherst a sermon Sunday afternoon from the text, "Remember Lot's wife."

STUDENT. Professor, does corrosive sub-limate always coagulate the albumen of an egg?—Prof.—Yes Sir.—Student.—If hens were fed on it would they lay boiled eggs? Prof.—Leave the room, sir.

TEACHER TO SHARP PUPIL: "What are the properties of heat?" Boy: "The chief properties are that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them." Philosopher: "Very good; give me an example." Boy: "In summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, the day is short." Teacher is lost in amazement that so familiar an instance should have so long escaped his own observation.

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[From the *Herald* Sept. 8, 1874.]

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Some time since a detailed account of the plans of the Industrial Exhibition Company were published in the *Herald*. To re-state the object of the Company tersely, it is to build on what is now known as the "Cattle Yards," between Ninety-eighth and One-hundred and second streets, near Central Park, a Crystal Palace, which is to serve as a perpetual museum, exhibition and sales mart, for the industries of the nations of the earth. It is hoped to have the buildings finished in 1876, so that all the products and works of art which have been at Philadelphia on exhibition, can be brought here and left permanently as a monument to American and foreign industry.

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